

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Bromley by-election was a surprise. The Conservative won, but the poll of the Baldwinite candidate dropped from 25,499 at the General Election to a mere 12,782; and this in a constituency of 73,000. Even allowing for the holidays and an old register, a fall of nearly 50 per cent. can hardly be a matter for rejoicing among the orthodox.

The Liberal vote, despite a popular local candidate, also fell from 18,000 to 11,000; and the Labour vote from 10,000 to less than 6,000. There is no comfort for the parties of the Left in this suburban debacle; but it is to be remembered that both Liberal and Labour stood as Free Traders without prefix or suffix, and the Labour candidate was probably handicapped by the fact that Dr. Addison, the Labour Minister, publicly repudiated Free Trade in an agricultural speech while the election campaign was in progress.

The really significant thing was that the United Empire (or Rothermere) party polled 9,483 votes; most of which were no doubt drawn from the Conservative ranks, but some proportion apparently from Labour, and probably a few from Liberal sources. As this was the party's first appearance in the field, and its candidate was unknown—at least in Bromley—a month ago, this must be reckoned a relative success.

It is to be presumed that the United Empire organization, having tested its strength in this trial run, will now seriously consider the question of running its own candidates at future by-elections. Care will no doubt be taken not to compete with the Empire Crusaders (or the Beaverbrook organization), with whom its relations are still uncertain; but if these two rebel Conservative groups agreed to unite they would be a source of acute anxiety to the official party leaders. Indeed, they would probably make Mr. Baldwin's position impossible.

As there is not to be a Conservative Party Conference this year I suppose it will be some time yet



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before we hear exactly what reforms Mr. Chamberlain proposes to introduce at the Central Office. There can, however, be no doubt that there is a very widespread desire among the rank-and-file that the machinery should be overhauled, and in particular that more modern methods should be introduced. Above all, what is clearly demanded is a wider view than has been taken of recent years.

The Central Office has for so long concentrated upon the public meeting as the sole means of influencing the electorate that it has allowed the more thoughtful section of the nation to be captured by Labour. In short, Labour treats the intellectual as an asset, while Conservatism regards him or her as a liability, and the not unnatural result is that British political thought to-day is very definitely Left in its outlook.

The Bonar Law College could redress this balance if the lecturers were chosen from people who had something to say, and not solely on the ground that they were safe. Mr. Chamberlain has a great opportunity to remove from his party its old stigma of "stupid," but to do so he will have to prove that Conservatism is at least as appreciative of intellect as of vested interests, and he must realize, as his predecessor most emphatically did not, that the type of man and woman that he wants will not think to the orders of Palace Chambers.

Lord Irwin's "gaol diplomacy" does not appear likely to be crowned with success. In order to get out of prison Ghandi may, it is true, make a few vague promises, but they will be worth nothing and the acceptance of them will merely deal another blow to the already shaken prestige of the Viceroy. What is needed to clear the air is a declaration that the Government is supremely indifferent whether Ghandi's followers are represented at the Round Table Conference or not, but that a certain number of them can attend if they wish.

In short, there can be no sort of peace in India until the initiative has been regained by the Government. At present it is the mere plaything of the various seditious factions and is allowing disorder to grow from the fear that action of any sort might alienate some section. At the same time, the Conference clearly cannot be postponed without the definite breaking of a pledge. It must, therefore, go on, though its prospects are at the moment certainly none too bright.

The Lena Goldfields award is manifestly just, and the whole case affords a striking example of Russian conceptions of honesty, but it is not easy to see what the next step will be. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that Moscow will pay a penny of the millions which have been awarded as compensation, and I certainly do not see "Uncle Arthur" putting any pressure upon his Russian friends to do so. Of course, if a fresh rupture of diplomatic relations were

threatened the Soviet Government would soon give way, but under Socialist control the Foreign Office never threatens.

The upshot of the whole business, then, is merely likely to be that the amount of the award will be added to the already enormous total of Russia's unpaid debts. So long as the creditor nations, such as Great Britain and France, are apparently content to recognize, at any rate *de facto*, a regime which repudiates its obligations, the latter is actually encouraged to continue in its path of wrong-doing. In fine, the lesson of the Lena Goldfields affair is the old one that when supping with the Devil it is well to have a long spoon.

The revolution in Peru can do no harm, and it may do good, to British interests. Señor Leguia is undoubtedly, according to his lights, a patriotic Peruvian, but he is no friend to this country, for he is one of the very few Latin-American statesmen who are partisans of the United States, which explains the concern felt there at his overthrow. During his rule at Lima every encouragement was given to North American enterprise, and the fourth of July was even officially recognized as a public holiday.

I cannot help being amused at the hesitation of Washington to recognize the new Peruvian Government on the ground that its origin is revolutionary. Mr. Hughes, whose sense of humour is not his strong point, enunciated this doctrine when he was Secretary of State, though how it is reconciled with the existence of the United States itself I cannot conceive. Colonel Cerro is neither more nor less of a revolutionary than was George Washington, and in taking up such an attitude President Hoover is only making himself ridiculous.

Only a brief report of Sir John Simon's speech at the lawyers' banquet in New York is at present available, and telegraphed summaries, as we all know, often telescope the sense of an oration. This proviso being made, it seems difficult to believe that so calm and careful a statesman should have thought it necessary to allude to the prospect of an inevitable day when war clouds would threaten the relations between Britain and the United States.

There are, it is true, many points which may involve potential disagreement and possibly even acute diplomatic conflict between Britain and America in the future. That is inevitable between two world-powers whose material interests cannot always, in the nature of things, coincide. But, apart from the Kellogg Pact and other political peace instruments—in whose efficacy I hope rather than actually believe—it is the business of diplomacy to see that these occasions are handled in a friendly spirit of give-and-take, and there is every reason to suppose that this spirit will animate both London and Washington in whatever differences may arise.

Wars have broken out in the past, and they will break out again in the future, whatever the professional pacifist may say, and however much he may attempt to make our flesh creep with his pictures of ruined civilizations. But the idea that any war is inevitable, and more particularly a war between Britain and the United States, seems to me simply absurd. The two countries have much to gain by peace, and much to lose by war; and neither side of the Atlantic is likely to forget the fact.

How long, I wonder, does it take an official of the Passport Office to become aware of an alteration in the map of Europe? A friend of mine, in renewing his passport, asked if it was necessary to have it specially endorsed for the Vatican City, but he did so only to discover that the official in question was quite oblivious of the restoration of the Temporal Power, and thought that the Pope lived in Italy.

The Pope and Signor Mussolini are to be congratulated upon remaining at their posts amid the discomforts of a Roman August. Not for them are the delights of Oberammergau and Lossiemouth, and, in spite of many criticisms which I have heard and read, I still stick to the opinion which I expressed a week or two ago that the Prime Minister should be nearer to London than the Highlands. Chequers was given for the convenience of Premiers who have no house in the neighbourhood of the capital, and they should use it.

Incidentally, Anglo-Indian friends tell me that far too much time is also spent in the hills by the officials in India. If, as was the case, the Marquess of Hastings never found it necessary to go there during his whole tenure of office, I fail to see why his successors should consider it essential to do so. Perhaps if Lord Irwin came into closer contact with the fomenters of Indian sedition he might recognize them for the scoundrels they really are.

Much may be forgiven to hard-driven newspaper men during a heat-wave, but it is time that a protest was made against the absurd publicity that has been given this week to the flight to Europe of an American criminal. It is safe to say that nobody in England had ever heard of him before; but the popular Press contrived to convey the impression that by comparison with "the king of crooks" the Duchess of York's baby, Bradman, and even the stock figures of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. J. H. Thomas—all of whom had been in the limelight a few days before—had become wholly insignificant.

If I were a clergyman I should moralize over the harm these false values do to the public mind. Being a layman, I will merely profess my conviction that they do no harm whatever to the public, which reads these hysterical scaremongerings with amused contempt. But they do a great deal of harm to the reputation of the Press. There is only one step between the sensational and the ridiculous.

LABOUR FACES FACTS

THE Presidential address to the Trade Union Congress is the most heartening public declaration that has been made in this country for many a long day. It is true that it has been followed by a debate in which opinions much opposed to that of Mr. Beard naturally found expression, but the whole tone of the proceedings shows that a change is coming over the attitude of Labour towards the great economic problems of the age, even though a good many members of the Congress are not as yet prepared to go as far as their President. That this should be the case is the greatest possible encouragement to those who, like ourselves, have always believed in the common sense of the British working-man, and it is a decided rebuff to those who have persisted in regarding him as a potential Bolshevik. Above all, it is one more illustration of the tendency in British party politics for the led to show more wisdom than their leaders, and we hope that the lesson will not be lost upon Mr. Baldwin—that is to say, if English newspapers reach him at Aix-les-Bains.

There is, as Mr. Beard so clearly and so courageously stated, nothing in a Protectionist policy that is in any way opposed to Labour principles; indeed, the former is but the practical application of the latter. Such purists as the present Chancellor of the Exchequer may draw a distinction between protecting a man and protecting the industry in which he is employed, but it is essentially a distinction without a difference. The theory of the whole Labour movement on its economic side is the safeguarding of the worker against unfair conditions, and the latter comprise such evils as the dumping of foreign goods, just as much as sweating and other like abuses, which we trust are now things of the past. The old dependence of Labour upon Liberal support blinded it to these truths for a good many years, and some Socialist Ministers have not realized them yet; but Mrs. Snowden's luncheon-table is not large enough to accommodate all those assembled at Nottingham, though perhaps those who work with their hands are in any case *ipso facto* now excluded from it, and free from any necessity of waiting upon the convenience of Mr. Lloyd George, the Labour delegates, as distinct from the members of the Labour Cabinet, have very rightly spoken what was in their minds.

It is not, however, only Mr. Snowden and the Free Traders whose ears must be tingling, for the proceedings at Nottingham can afford but cold comfort to Mr. Maxton and the advocates of "Socialism in our time." Marx has been treated just as rudely as Cobden, and Labour is clearly veering round to the opinion that if the doctrines of the latter are antiquated, those of the former are impracticable. In effect, the long supremacy of Marrian ideas in the British Labour movement seems to be coming to an end, and the working-man is at last beginning to recognize the celebrated Karl as the short-sighted and pedantic theorist that he really was. It is, in very truth, a *Götterdämmerung*. Now all this bodes extremely ill for the Left Wing, and still more so for the Communists. If Labour is turning against Marx, it will not be long before it also turns against his disciples, both on the Clyde and in

Moscow. Such an event would undoubtedly be an unmixed blessing for the British Empire, but it would be little short of a catastrophe for Mr. Maxton; and if the movement in this direction gathers force, we shall hope ere long to witness the spectacle of that gentleman mingling his tears with those of Mr. Snowden over the perversity of their erstwhile followers.

In fine, Labour is, under the stress of over two million unemployed, abandoning theories for facts. Men and women whose comrades are out of work are realizing that something is seriously wrong, and signs are not wanting that a new spirit is abroad in the land. What effect it may have upon the alignment of parties it is too early to say, but a fresh orientation is by no means an impossibility. In particular, the generation that won the war, and that which has arrived at manhood and womanhood since, are casting from them the old shibboleths of the early years of the century, and are endeavouring to face the facts of this post-war age. In these circumstances, the debates at Nottingham have a special significance, for they show which way the wind is blowing among the rank-and-file of one of the great parties in the State, and no Government can for long afford to flout the opinions of its supporters.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

NO sooner had Germany seen her soil freed of foreign troops than two most significant changes occurred in her internal politics. The Weimar Constitution, after jolting uneasily along for nearly ten years, found itself compelled to invoke its emergency provisions; and the two most compactly organized parties in the State, the Conservatives and the Centre, revealed themselves as in full dissolution. The elections which, by the provisions of the Constitution, will bring the sixty days' dictatorship to an end on September 14, will show how far the German voter has adjusted himself to this bewildering situation. Meanwhile the foreign observer must seek to determine whether the transformations now in progress are symptoms of the inherent weakness of the Republican idea or evidence of its growing strength.

Any study of German politics must start from the fact that the Weimar Constitution, while maintaining the Parliamentary forms of the old regime, completely changed their spirit. Under the monarchy Ministers were responsible to the monarch; under the Republic they are responsible to Parliament. The powers which the Reichstag enjoyed under Bismarck's constitution were real enough; but they were negative. The deputies did nothing whatever either to frame or to initiate policy. That was submitted to them from above; but they had a right of criticism and a power of veto, though recourse to this last was tempered by the reflection that it would involve a dissolution and an electoral contest, in which every form of official pressure would be used against the momentarily victorious opposition.

The party organization of the old Germany exactly corresponded to these conditions. The parties represented sectional interests concerned to keep the Government alive to their special require-

ments. There was the Catholic Centre, whose support could only be won by proofs that the Government was not pursuing an anti-clerical policy. There were various Liberal groups, representing finance, commerce and industry, who had something to say about tariffs. There were the Conservatives on the watch to see that the Government did not make concessions to Parliamentarianism for the sake of a quiet life, and there were the Socialists who, by way of protest against the whole system, were permanently in opposition.

This general arrangement of parties survived the peace and speedily proved incompatible with the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility. For responsibility implies the existence of a Parliamentary majority prepared to support Ministers in the execution of a policy of which it approves, and such a majority has not yet emerged in Germany. At first it seemed as though the Socialists would provide it, but German Socialism has been unable to make the transition from opposition to office and at last finds itself left out in the cold. For the other parties, Coalition was the only possible course, but it is a course which not even Herr Stresemann could induce them to take. First they contributed nominees to patch-work Cabinets. Later they allowed individuals to enter Cabinets in their personal capacities. At last they too have been left out altogether.

It is quite clear that had this state of things continued Germany would soon have been governed by officials presenting themselves as indispensable and finding a majority where they could get it, exactly like their monarchist predecessors. That may yet happen, but it is also possible that two national parties may now emerge, one Conservative and the other Liberal, both sufficiently broad-based to offer a possibility of a majority, if only the political sense of the electorate prove sufficiently advanced. The Conservative Party is rising up out of the shattered remains of the old Conservatism. It professes itself prepared not merely to tolerate but to accept the Republic, and Hindenburg is its spiritual father. It is preparing to build up a new Germany which will incorporate so much of the old tradition as is compatible with the new Europe.

The new Liberal Party is a more startling phenomenon. It is developing, by an apparent paradox, out of the Centre. The explanation is that the Centre alone can dispute the working-class vote with the Socialists, and its more enlightened members see the chance of inviting the urban democracy to back a constructive policy instead of dooming itself to sterility. Against this is the very general fear of Communist activity; and the lack of capital, high cost of urban living, low wages and unemployment are points that favour Communist propaganda. There have even been some signs of a renewed "flight from the mark" which are ominous of present distrust and perhaps of future trouble.

If Germany succeeds in avoiding this, however, both the major parties offer a real alternative to a Dictatorship and the present Government is so constituted that with a little re-shuffling of portfolios it could work with either. But the present Government has also shown that, failing a proper majority, it is prepared to rely on presidential support for necessary action. It is thus well-placed to meet any eventuality.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BRISTOL

BY JOHN B. C. KERSHAW

THE marvellous progress which has been recorded in all branches of scientific knowledge during the last quarter of a century, and the important rôle which applied science now plays in the life of the community, should cause considerable interest to be taken in the annual gathering of scientists at Bristol this week. The British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is the full and proper title of this gathering, will be celebrating its centenary next year, for it was inaugurated at York in September, 1831. There have been many ups and downs in the history of the Association during the ninety-nine years that have elapsed since its birth, but those who have guided its course have always kept in view its original aims, and it may be useful to-day to recall what these objects were. The Association was founded in order "(1) to give a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific enquiry; (2) to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British Empire with one another and with foreign philosophers; and (3) to obtain more general attention to the objects of science and the removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress."

The earlier meetings of the Association, after the inaugural meeting at York, were held in the two university cities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in the two provincial capitals—Edinburgh and Dublin. Following these early meetings all the more important provincial towns and cities were visited in turn, and in some cases these have been visited several times. The most successful meeting, from the attendance point of view, was that held at Manchester in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign, in 1887, when an attendance of nearly 4,000 members and associates was recorded. This number has only once been approached since, at the Oxford meeting of 1926, when the Prince of Wales acted as President and delivered the Presidential Address in the Sheldonian Theatre. The meetings of the British Association, unlike many other annual gatherings, scientific and otherwise, have shown always a financial surplus, and the aggregate amount which has been devoted to scientific research from the cash balances remaining after the expenses of each annual meeting have been met, now approaches £100,000.

It was not until the year 1884, or rather more than half a century after the inaugural meeting, that the Association was able to realize more completely the second of its aims, and to arrange for a meeting in one of the Overseas Dominions of the Empire. The 1884 meeting was held in Montreal, and since that year five other meetings have been held outside the United Kingdom; a second Canadian meeting in Toronto in 1897 and a third one in Winnipeg in 1909, while South Africa has twice received the Association, in 1905 and in 1929; and Australia welcomed the members in 1914. Those who travelled from this country to take part in the Australian meeting met with considerable difficulties in returning home, for the outbreak of the World War in that year led to the complete disorganization of the plans for their return.

The centenary meeting of the Association, which will take place next year, is to be held in London, since none of the provincial towns can provide the accommodation which will be required for the crowds of members and associates who will wish to attend this historic gathering; and it is more than probable that the record attendance at the Manchester

Jubilee Meeting will be greatly exceeded. London has been avoided in the past because the headquarters of nearly all the British scientific societies are located there, and as one of the chief objects of the Association has been to widen the interests of the general public in science, it was considered that this purpose could be most quickly achieved by holding the meetings of the Association in provincial towns and cities. The creation during the last half century of a large number of universities and of groups of university professors in the more important provincial towns and cities of the United Kingdom has, to a large extent, altered the problem, and it may be questioned now whether Londoners do not require the stimulus of an occasional meeting of the Association even more than those who reside outside the Metropolitan area.

This is the fourth occasion on which the British Association has visited Bristol. The first visit was in 1836 and was made memorable by the fact that Lord Northampton, who was President of the Association in that year, laid the first stone of the piers of the Suspension Bridge over the Avon Gorge at the somewhat inconvenient hour of 7 a.m., which proves that early rising was more in vogue in scientific circles a hundred years ago than it is to-day. A proposal to carry through an important public function at 7 o'clock in the morning would be certain to meet with a storm of protest from the present body of members and associates.

The most notable visit of the Association to Bristol, however, was that of 1898, when Sir William Crookes, in his Presidential Address, created a sensation by stating that unless some means could be found for rendering the nitrogen of the air available for plant life, there would be a shortage of wheat within two or three generations, due to the exhaustion of the soil and failure of the natural supplies of nitrates. One of the popular evening lectures which is to be delivered at Bristol during the present meeting will describe the progress of the synthetic method for obtaining nitrates from the air, and will prove that the chemist and chemical engineer together have solved the problem to which Sir William Crookes drew their attention thirty years ago and that our supplies of nitrate and of all other forms of nitrogenous manure are now quite adequate for all the demands likely to be made upon them. Owing to the success and extension of the manufacture of nitrates by the synthetic method from the air, in fact, the world's supplies are now in excess of the present demand and an agreement has been signed recently in Brussels between the producers of natural and artificial nitrates in the various countries of the world for regulation of the supplies, in order to avoid cut-throat competition.

Finally, one may note the change that has come over the membership and leadership of the British Association during the ninety-nine years that have elapsed since its inauguration at York in 1831. In those early days the clergy of the Church of England filled some of its most important offices and took a leading part in its organization. The Rev. William Vernon Harcourt was the first Hon. Secretary of the Association and the Rev. William Buckland, the Rev. Adam Sedgwick and the Rev. Bartholomew Lloyd occupied the Presidential Chair at the meetings of the Association held in the years 1832, 1833 and 1835 respectively. Another clergyman, the Rev. William Whewell, was elected to the Presidential Chair for the meeting held at Plymouth in 1841. All these gentlemen were recognized leaders of science and were also Fellows of the Royal Society, whereas to-day it is exceptional to find any dignitary of the Church who is also an F.R.S. or is taking any active part in the work of the British Association.

The position and influence of the Church of England and of the Nonconformist churches generally would

have been far stronger if their leaders and representatives during the middle and closing years of the last century had kept in closer touch with scientific thought and progress and had maintained their interest in and membership of the British Association. It is, perhaps, a sign of the times that the rift created in the 'sixties and 'seventies by the Darwinian theory and controversy is now to be bridged and that the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Dean of Westminster, the Archbishop of Westminster and the President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference have been invited to serve on the Committee, which is to discuss the general plan for the Centenary Meeting of 1931.

THE "RIGHT TO SECEDE"

I—THE DEMAND

BY RICHARD JEBB

IN a speech at Pretoria, on July 29, the Prime Minister of South Africa, Mr. Hertzog, referring to the forthcoming Imperial Conference, is reported to have said :

I am convinced that we possess complete independence. The people of South Africa will be prepared to an ever-increasing extent to maintain co-operation with Great Britain and the other Dominions, but the co-operation will depend on national independence . . . In no circumstances may the right to secede from the British Commonwealth be taken from South Africa. The resolution that the report (of the recent subsidiary Conference on Dominion Legislation and Merchant Shipping) be accepted, subject to the specific proviso that the right of South Africa to secede shall be maintained, will most certainly be honoured and upheld at the Imperial Conference. Whatever happens, the independence of South Africa must outweigh co-operation.

The same issue may be raised at the Round Table Conference, of British and Indian representatives, which is to follow the Imperial Conference. It is said that Mr. Gandhi insists upon it; and in London Mr. Srinivasa Sastri has been talking in much the same strain as Mr. Hertzog. Hence it is easy to understand the note of anxiety in Mr. MacDonald's statement, at the annual meeting of the Empire Parliamentary Association, that the Imperial Conference "has to face constitutional problems the like of which we have never had to face before," and his plea—perhaps directed to the South Africans as much as to us—that "all parties" should come together for the solution of such problems.

To understand Mr. Hertzog's position it should be recalled that he came to the last Imperial Conference, in 1926, an avowed separatist, but went home completely reconciled, as it seemed, by the definition of Dominion status in the famous passage of the Balfour Committee's report. There followed, however, all the bitter agitation over the Flag Bill, reviving the old racial distrusts. Among the Dutch are some extremists who have regarded Mr. Hertzog as a backslider and the Balfour formula as insufficient. And they have logic on their side. The Balfour formula declares equality of status, as between Britain and the Dominions, and freedom of association. Now, the British Parliament can at any time pass a Bill to abolish the Crown and, constitutionally, it is argued, the King must assent to it if his British Ministers so advise. Has the South African Parliament the same right to pass such a Bill and have it assented to on the sole advice of South African Ministers? If not, there is no equality, and therefore there must be subordination—in other words, it is still Britain's "Empire" and

not a free "Commonwealth." To meet this argument Mr. Hertzog proposes that the Imperial Conference should now affirm the "right of South Africa to secede."

The demand should have at least one useful effect by bringing into a common focus certain subsidiary problems, especially Merchant Shipping and Naturalization, which are also coming up and all depend ultimately on the nature of the Crown. Hitherto these matters have been dealt with spasmodically, with vague phrases to conceal the real difficulty and postpone the vital issue. That issue may be stated in six words : Is the crown single or several? Is it ultimately one and indivisible; or is it to function always quite separately in respect of each Dominion, including Britain, acting in each on the advice of its local ministers exclusively?

Hitherto British statesmen of all parties have assumed that the Crown is one and indivisible. Thus in 1919 the Government of India Act postulated responsible government for India "as an integral part of the Empire." Again, the Balfour report of 1926 describes the Dominions as united with Britain by a "common allegiance" to the Crown; though here the word "common" may be found ambiguous. But step by step the doctrine has been undermined, under pressure from the Irish Free State, where Mr. Cosgrave stands in constant fear of republican Mr. De Valera; and from South Africa, since Mr. Hertzog succeeded General Smuts; and from Canada, where Mr. MacKenzie King was always gently sliding down the slope. On the other hand, Australia and New Zealand, under successive Governments, have consistently stood for the old doctrine, while acquiescing for the sake of harmony in concessions to the other. Among recent concessions two are conspicuous, viz. : (1) Following the resolution of the last Imperial Conference, the "British Empire" no longer figures in the League of Nations. Previously the British representatives signed treaties at Geneva in the name of the British Empire; now they sign in the name of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. At Geneva, therefore, the sovereignty of His Britannic Majesty is already recognized as multiple, not single. The "British Empire" has become the appanage of Great Britain, and excludes those Dominions and India which are members of the League; (2) Other treaties are now drafted in the name of the Crown acting for the negotiating State only; not as formerly, the Crown's dominions collectively. The Locarno treaty made the first serious break with the past. Later the abortive treaty with Egypt was expressly re-drafted, in 1927, at the instance of Canada, so as to make it clear that the Crown was acting for Britain alone. By this device the Dominion seeks to avoid "responsibility." But its advocates are apt to confuse responsibility for an action with liability for its consequences. As long as the Crown is undivided, when Britain is at war the Dominions are at war, and vice versa, no matter which of its Governments may have been responsible for the anterior policy.

The right of secession, then, is claimed as the final and necessary proof that equality of status really exists. Because Britain is legally and in fact an independent State, the logic of equality requires that South Africa, for example, should be acknowledged to possess the same independence. But if it is only a question of constitutional equality, this could be secured just as well on the other basis, of the undivided Crown, using the same proposed procedure of Conference declaration and parliamentary ratification. Why not prescribe that none of His Majesty's Governments ought to present any Bill prejudicing the Crown except with the consent of them all? To that extent there would be subordination, but equal for all. In other words, in certain vital matters the Crown should act on the advice of the Imperial Conference instead of, as hitherto, on the final advice of the British Government alone.

(To be continued)

ITALIAN STAGE ARTS

By GORDON CRAIG

I

THE word "scenography" is a mouthful and means so many complicated things that to stop and explain them here, when but little space is allowed for these two charming books on scenography,* is not to be thought of. But "scenography," when applied to the theatre, amounts to this: it is painted scenery, with the edges here and there cut out, and the whole thing tending to produce an effect of great distances, by means of perspective, and of reality, by means of strongly-contrasted highlights and shadows.

Since architects and painters began to draw and paint scenes, nothing has been able to hold them in. It is a bit of fun to them, and it has never been of any use whatever to the theatre. For centuries this bit of fun (profitable fun, by the way) has been put into the hands of even great outsiders like the architect Bernini, the painter Pannini, the Canaletti—till even in our times, the Alma Tademas and the Burne-Joneses had a shot at it—assisted, of course, by professional scenic men. One and all have taken big canvases and painted on them, and hung these up for the critics to say that there was too much scenery.

As was perfectly true.

Scenery is, after all, a very little matter—but on a very large scale—and the imitation of real houses, real battlements, real bridges and the rest of it, has been the aim of the stage people for centuries, and it is only in this century that the aim has been found ridiculous, and has been buried.

But to whom do you think the credit of this change is due? The old phrase, "Don't all speak at once," leaps with joy to my lips, for I am certain that no one will give the credit in the right quarter. So I will come out with it without any delay—Goethe. Now, on your conscience, tell me—but tell me true—you never guessed I should utter that name, did you?

Yet Goethe says: ". . . He who would work for the stage should, moreover, study the stage, the effects of scenography, of lights, of rouge and other colouring matter, of glazed linen and spangles. *He should leave nature in her proper place*, and take careful heed not to have recourse to anything but what may be performed by children with puppets upon boards and laths, together with sheets of cardboard and linen." (The italics are mine.)

Not because he refers to puppets am I concerned with his statements here: what concerns me is where he says we should leave nature in her proper place, and only use what may be performed by children. It is just this: leave nature alone and set to work like children, not like the gloriously muddle-headed people whose work we find in these two handsome volumes.

For if there is an art of the theatre, and if it be the least of all the arts, it is at any rate the lightest. And so we can quote another passage from Goethe in which he says: "It is well-nigh time" (this was in 1775) "that people ceased talking about the form of dramatic compositions, about their length and shortness, their unities, their beginning, middle, and end, and all the rest of it. . ." And it is because I avoid hearing all this infernal talk about dramatic compositions, length, shortness, unities, beginning, middle and end, that I always thank heaven I am too far off to overhear it talked in English. Doubt-

less Italians talk it in Italy too, but I don't know the language sufficiently well, so I imagine they are saying what good fruit there is for sale in the market, or that the weather is going to change. I think it is hearing each other talking of all this—talking so very cleverly, so logically, yet so stupidly—that makes almost everyone in London repeat what the other one is saying, or has said only the day before yesterday.

And now these two books about this very little matter, scenography, together form a collection of more than 350 pictures, showing us sceneries, all of which are very interesting. Not Russian scenery, as you would think, not Polish scenery or Scandinavian—actually Italian. And the Italians were the first to do this, so they had the start of everybody. They ran the gamut, and then broke the instrument. Why anybody in his senses, in the North, should be wedded to this scenography, I have not the faintest idea. These two books show you the glories and also the faults of the notion.

II

The real use of scenography was to decorate the walls of a great palace, not to decorate stages. The one perfect piece of scenography shown in these volumes is, therefore, Peruzzi's painting in the Farnese Palace; it is just a continuation of architecture, done with a brush.

This design by Peruzzi is reproduced best in the book by Corrado Ricci. Signor Ricci was once Minister of Fine Arts in Italy, so his selection is the abler of the two, for his position has made it possible for him to find and call upon the best things. Where he is rather weak is in the modern examples. Signor Mariani is very fortunate there, and he introduced me for the first time to the work of Dilio Cambellotti, who seems less interested in painted sceneries and more in playing at it all as the children do. He makes a scene, he does not paint it. Architect Aschieri is also new to me, and interesting. Whereas a third architect, Signor Marchi, who shows us scenes for the plays of Pirandello, goes right back to the early scenographers in two of them and in a third joins the contortionists. Contortionism is putting a door off the straight, a window skew-whiff, in order to avoid the boredom of the straight door and the right-angled window. But merely to make crooked what is straight will not, I feel sure, get us a step more forward, and before long everyone will be bored to death by these contorted doors, walls and windows.

This mention of Pirandello leads us to the heart of an important matter. Here is, presumably, a great author—undoubtedly the great European dramatist of to-day—and he has not taken the trouble to secure his special scenic man. What author ever has done that? I am not very strong in the matter of the history of the theatre, and so I cannot find an answer to this. But it seems to me that the people, the places, the talk, the ideas which Pirandello projects from his brain must be quite different from any other people, places, talk and ideas, and therefore, for the sake of the spectators in the theatre, they should appear different. Now here, in Architect Marchi's designs, they look just like everybody else and, therefore, one is inclined to say, "Oh, another play by Ibsen, Henry Arthur Jones, or Dumas fils," and, of course, one is wrong there. I understand that the principal thing about Pirandello is his originality. Why, then, has he not taken some designer, and spoken with him, and spoken again, until this craftsman of his has at last seen these Pirandello places and people, which are so unlike any other places and people—seen them as the author saw them.

Some there are who will feel that Marchi should have so well studied Pirandello that he saw things

* 'La Scenografia Italiana.' By Corrado Ricci. Fratelli Treves, Milano. 150 lire.

'Storia Della Scenografia Italiana.' By Valerio Mariani. Rinascimento del Libro, Firenze. 130 lire.

and people as Pirandello had seen them—but no one with ideas of his own can do that. Such a man will be more likely to see just the opposite of what the writer is trying to make him see; and it is for this reason that a playwright, on coming down to witness a performance of his play, is shown something he never meant to be there, and doubtless is very courteous and charming about it, but for all that must be very miserable, and some must feel very cross.

So it is all very well for us to curse these scenic men, whose work since the year 1500 fills the pages of these two handsome books, for never having interpreted the authors, but the people we should curse are the authors of those centuries. Or rather, we should not curse them, we should take a master who could teach our modern authors, and the more I look around, the oftener I end by finding that it is Goethe who can best instruct these literary men. He speaks with such authority—he is so clear in all he says. On becoming aware of him in the midst of all these dramatists one thinks, "What a wise, calm man this is, and what schoolboys they all are!" Because old Goethe does not stop after he has written a play—he proceeds to explain exactly what is best to do when you are working in theatres. How good it is when he tells us that "in a scene between two actors, the presence of the spectator should be constantly felt"; and when he explains further how to avoid breaking this connexion between the spectator and the actors.

III

In practice, as stage-manager, Goethe was not a success when he held the reins of a theatre (at least so they say), but he was one of the finest counsellors I know of. How excellent it is where he says that "It is only to the entirely uncultured spectator that a work of art can appear as a work of nature." And when his interlocutor refers him to those birds that flew after the so realistic cherries painted by the great master, and asks whether that incident does not prove that the fruit was excellently depicted, he says, "On the contrary, to me it merely proves that those lovers of art were genuine sparrows."

"Genuine sparrows"—glorious fun, and a sound truth.

In brief, then, all the scenic artists represented in these books have tried to drag nature out of her place, and in doing so have crippled her horribly. They have imitated the trees and mountains so perfectly, and forgotten to let any air in; they have faithfully represented an immense grotto, and omitted every trace of damp; they have built up a perfect room in a palace, and have omitted one of the walls.

That is why, although these two volumes can be of great service to all modern scenographers, and although there are far lovelier things in them than are to be found in any of the pictures illustrating 'The Russian Theatre' by Dr. Gregor—still, many of those Russian projects are better for the modern European and American theatre than are these Italian designs. For the Russian artists are on the high road, the road which leads us somewhere—whereas this old Italian scenography has ended in a cul-de-sac. Maybe it is for the Italians alone, but at present they are not following the best masters of this ancient traditional scenography. My admiration for Italy and its artists is unshaken, but in the little matter of scenery they must, if I may be allowed to say so, wake up.

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

WILD FOWL IN EAST ANGLIA

By R. P. DE GREY

FOR some months past I have had a unique opportunity for observing the habits of wild duck in one of the inland districts of Norfolk, and I feel that some account of the life of these birds may be of interest to naturalists generally.

There are two of them, a mallard and his sleek little wife, and they were given to us for Christmas.

"So nice," said the donors, "they will nest, you see, and lay eggs, and then of course later on you can eat the young ones—they will be delicious, my dear."

No doubt they will. From the depths of a cardboard box the little duck gave me a piercing sidelong glance, in which was all the agony of prospective motherhood at this mention of infanticide on an extensive scale. She need not have worried; the thanks which we offered to the donors were profuse and sincere, but were not based upon the prospect of murdering the young.

We clipped two pairs of unresisting wings, and deposited the birds under the one bullace and six apple-trees which constitute the orchard; thence they waddled a little suspiciously towards the moat, whose narrow waterways offered a vista of expansive pond afar. They launched out, and were absorbed into the daily life of the manor.

Needless to say, their first diffidence has long since worn off, so much so that a few days ago, when through a misunderstanding the customary ration of duck-food had not been broadcast at the proper hour, the Lady of the Manor, reclining somnolently in a distant corner of the garden, was aroused by a fevered quacking near at hand, and looked up to see the wild fowl approaching at an unusual speed, voicing to the management, as it were, their dissatisfaction at this oversight.

Despite such ventures in the interests of the inner duck, however, they still resist all attempts to coax them into feeding from the hand. Within a yard, gauging to a nicety the radius of a human grab, they will approach; but never nearer, no, not though the most succulent maize be lobbed, grain by grain, in a series of decreasing arcs, in their direction. Perhaps in some retentive corner of the mind they harbour still the memory of the threat uttered against their young.

This attitude of reserve has lately given rise to problems associated with the reclipping of wings. Clearly, if wings are to be clipped, the corresponding bodies must first be grasped. The first plan adopted to this end was one familiar with all wildfowlers.

Two yards of rabbit-netting were attached at one end to an apple-tree, round whose trunk the netting was then very loosely coiled. To the other end of the netting was attached a string, and to the other end of the string a hired assassin, stationed silently beyond a fixed point A (the water-butt).

This devilish enclosure was then heavily baited with maize, and all interested parties, other than the wild fowl, ostensibly withdrew.

After some dignified expressions of concern, the mallard could no longer resist the temptation to inspect the works; even from a distance the little golden heap of maize was making him come over all trembly inside. He located the entrance to the decoy he waddled in: the hired assassin pulled his string (from beyond point A); the trap closed.

The dénouement was as definite as it was unforeseen, and justified all our misgivings as to unclipped wings. With a look of pained surprise, not unmixed with contempt, the mallard quacked twice and rose on ungraceful pinions. Soaring a full two feet into the air, he topped the netting and rejoined his spouse with the air of a man who has been overcharged in a restaurant. The decoy had failed.

The wings remain unclipped, but a greater crisis is now at hand. From beak to beak the burning

question passes, "Will they nest?" Already we have watched them in close consultation with a bevy of waterhens; these duly escorted them on a tour of inspection among some quite impenetrable bramble-bushes which hang over the pond upon its farther side.

We feel that there is hope, and that domestic virtue will not be outweighed by doubts as to the fate of the young. Such doubts are groundless. The young, as the donors remarked, will be "delicious, my dear"; delicious, yes, but not to eat, not on this pond. The freemen of the manor have their rights.

THE HUMAN SANCTUARY—I

By V. R.

(*Found among the papers of a City man by his executor*)

I FEAR I must have dreamt it, but it was all too vivid for that, and I am quite sure of every detail. Indeed, my queer friend with his odd learning and carefully disguised kindness, who, I thought long dead and gone, was just the man to think of such a place. "As you suffer from insomnia and worry," he said, "you can come—for quite a private visit—to my cottage 'Zoar' in Long Meads and stay for a day or two, though I promise you little in the way of entertainment. My land is not a large estate, only about four miles across each way. It has a small river, a fair stretch of gorse and heather, meadows and two or three woods. We are very proud of our ash trees. The village has a cricket club (which gives our local policemen something to do) and two or three people have tennis courts with good turf. They are not champions; you can play with them. We are all friends here and do not glare at one another, as they do in your London clubs. A barouche driven by an ancient who talks of all the Derbys since 1870 will meet you at the railway station a mile off my boundary. You can give him a shilling, if you like, for he will know you are a friend of mine. In fact, this last detail is essential for your admission. It sounds foolish but we value our privacy as people outside do the lack of it."

So one day I drove through an avenue of ashes to my strange friend's house. The old horse was very slow, but, after getting over my first impatience, I enjoyed every yard of it. There was no dust and everything was beautifully green. The meadows stood as they had been, I thought, for centuries and the place seemed poetical somehow. Children smiled at me with confidence, as they played about the road. Here I saw a meadow blazing with buttercups and other beautiful things I had never had time to notice; there a wall was overgrown with some brilliant yellow stuff and purple iris. A brook stretched across the road in a lazy pool, where the old horse paused and had a long drink. I got out of the carriage and was attracted by a miniature paradise of ferns. I picked one which was singularly delicate.

The road wandered as if it meant to go nowhere in particular, and after some time merged in the generous grass which bordered it all the way. There were glimpses of cottages and up one green path I observed a man with a wheelbarrow full of parcels. He talked with the ancient as I went by; he was evidently in no hurry.

My friend's house was simply an enlarged cottage and the first sign of it was a clearing dominated by an immense Scotch fir and a dovecot sheltering under it. Then came a bowling green, full of aged rustics, whom one would think incapable of bending, eagerly discussing the tactics of the game. The long lawn outside the house was evidently a bird paradise,

full of ingenious nesting boxes, and stone pillars like fountains holding shallow pools of water were varied by tree stumps which were tangled bower of honeysuckle. A small boy came up and gave the old horse some sugar and explained, "Dad has been called away to see to something about—what was it? Politics," I think he said. "But he will be back in an hour or so."

"Can you tell me what this is?" I asked, showing the fern.

"Oak fern, of course. It's quite common hereabouts."

So this lovely little thing is common and the boy knows all about it, and I have never seen or heard of it before. It has the grace and freshness of perpetual youth.

I was musing over my wasted chances as I sank into a deck chair with a delightful sense of peace. Neither of the two family dogs barked; the evening drew on; and I was almost asleep when I was called to dinner. It was much later than I thought; that old horse was certainly very slow, but already I had seen that it did not matter. True leisure has plenty of time to waste, or rather to enjoy. I felt content with the whole world.

When my host had fed me with a simple joint, wonderful vegetables and fresh fruit, and told me to light one of my own cigarettes, "Every man," he said, "likes his own choice and it is poor hospitality to make him think that he likes yours. You see our life is abominably simple, not to say dull."

"This place," I answered, "is somehow different. I don't understand it; but it has a wonderful charm."

"You feel that," he added quietly; "most visitors do."

"Feel it! I revel in it; I could stay here for ever; it's the only real recreation I have had for years."

"It takes you all that way, though you don't know why. How should you? And remember that I expect you as a friend to say nothing of us. After all, what is there to say? We are full of deficiencies. So no publicity, please! It is against our rules. It is difficult to refuse people, and so many ask to come."

"When one has seen and felt the place, there is no need to advertise it."

"Advertise!" he shuddered. "That word upsets me."

"Why? It's usual and useful to advertise, isn't it?"

"Not here. Can you remember seeing a single advertisement in my domain?"

"Oddly enough, I can't say I have, but I wasn't looking for them."

"Your eyes were looking sadly for them as usual, but they weren't there. You saw green hedges and stone walls instead. There's not a single advertisement in the whole place. That's a gain in itself."

"Ah, now I begin to understand."

"Yes, we are very backward in many things."

"I wish you would tell me more."

"I have to go away for a little while, but if you really want to hear more of our mad ways, I can take up my parable again. You will probably hear a piano, but we have nothing up-to-date, no jazz music, I am afraid. We don't want to be 'tarantulated by a tune.'"

"What a mercy! Recently I heard a restless American conductor rouse his band of saxophones and trombones to make 'Meet Me in Dreamland' as loud and snappy as possible."

"I can quite believe it. You need not listen to our selection. The lawn is long; in a chair at the further end you will be out of hearing."

But the music held me; it was easy and simple, it rippled like a cheerful brook—Schumann, I learnt. I have lived a good while, but I am hopelessly ignorant of many good things.



MISS BONDFIELD

THE THEATRE “THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES . . .”

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Richard the Third. By William Shakespeare. New Theatre.

WITH thirty-two years of experience to guide him, Sir Alfred Butt, according to a recent interview, has discovered that: (1) “if you have a good show, you cannot keep the public out”; and (2) “if you haven’t got a good show, the public will not come to see it, even if the whole cast, including chorus, consists of stars of the first rank.” Of course, neither of these “rules,” as he describes them, is an accurate statement of the position. Many a good show has failed for some reason to attract the playgoing public; and many a bad one has enjoyed a six or nine months’ run. But what Sir Alfred really means is this: that many a starless play has been phenomenally successful, and many a starlit play has failed. In other words, he has at last discovered through experience, what he could have learnt, at any moment during the past thirty-two years, by enquiring of the first ten applicants for tickets at any one of his various box-offices.

It is an unfortunate fact that nobody who is connected with the Theatre ever talks to anybody who is not connected with the Theatre. For the inevitable consequence has been, and is, that the theatrical provision-merchants are absurdly and disastrously ignorant of what their customers want. And one of the most astonishing pieces of theatrical ignorance relates to these “stars,” about whom Sir Alfred has recently come to such revolutionary conclusions. He has decided to make what he evidently regards as the very daring experiment of continuing the run of his musical comedy at Drury Lane without the four leading players who have hitherto been playing in it. Their salaries have been so “enormous” as to make the show “commercially impossible.”

Now, I have not seen ‘*The Three Musketeers*,’ and so I can offer no opinion as to the excellence of their performances. But there is one thing I can tell Sir Alfred Butt; and that is, that not one of these four players is regarded by the general playgoing public as a “star.” Miss Lilian Davies is tolerably well-known; Miss Marie Ney is known to a handful of connoisseurs; Mr. Jerry Veino and Mr. Dennis King (the latter’s salary, according to Sir Alfred, was “hundreds of pounds a week”) are—to put it quite frankly—unknown quantities. I am not questioning the artistic value of these players; I am only informing Sir Alfred that he has hitherto been paying “star” salaries to actors who, in the minds of the ordinary theatre-going public, are not “stars.”

After all, what is a “star”? A “star” is an actor or an actress whose name and personality and past work are known to, say, ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in the streets of London. Miss Gladys Cooper is a “star”—possibly the brightest of them all; so is Sir Gerald du Maurier; so is Miss Marie Tempest; so is Mr. Matheson Lang. I should say that any play in which any of these four players was appearing would gain immeasurably by their presence in the cast. Messrs. Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn are “stars” in combination with the Aldwych Theatre. Then, again, there are two or three pseudo-stars, whose names are not less familiar to the public than Miss Cooper’s, but whose reputation is factitious and deceptive. They are given by the Press an astonishing, and, indeed, inexplicable, publicity; they have a tiny band of hysterically enthusiastic admirers; but for every four persons they attract to the plays in which they appeal, they keep four, or even perhaps five, away. This is a point which nobody connected with the theatre ever realizes. Every actor and every actress

with sufficient personality to win the admiration of one section of the public, has—inevitably—sufficient personality to repel another section of the public; and the problem for managers is whether the actor attracts more than he repels, or repels more than he attracts.

In addition to star actors, there are star authors—for instance, Mr. Bernard Shaw. No doubt the fact that Mr. Shaw is the author of the play is regarded by many theatre-goers as a warning; but it is also, and by an ever-increasing number of quite normal persons, regarded as a very strong inducement. Mr. Somerset Maugham is another star playwright, so is Mr. Lonsdale, so is Mr. Noel Coward. What about Shakespeare? Well, there can be no doubt whatever that Shakespeare is a star of the first magnitude; and in his case there is, of course, the additional—and unique—factor that, so far from demanding a star’s royalties, he gets no royalties at all, which is almost like having Miss Gladys Cooper playing for one as an amateur! Unfortunately, I gather that, for every four playgoers he attracts to the theatre where his plays are performed, he frightens away about four thousand. We had, recently, a production of one of his best-known melodramas, called ‘*Othello*’; it was graced by the presence of at least one famous actor, Mr. Robeson; and it lost Mr. Maurice Browne a good many thousands of pounds during its short run at the Savoy. What, then, becomes of Sir Alfred’s discovery that “if you have got a good show you cannot keep the public out”? But, of course, Mr. Robeson was paid one of those “enormous” salaries which make a production “commercially impossible.”

We now have a starless ‘*Richard the Third*’ at the New Theatre. When I say “starless” I am using the word “star” in its commercial sense. To connoisseurs of the drama the name of Mr. Balio Holloway is as well known as that of Mr. Laddie Cliff, say, is to the patrons of musical comedy. So are those of many other members of the cast; Mr. Gerald Lawrence, for example, and Miss Nancy Price; Mr. Henry Vibart and Mr. Tristan Rawson. These names guarantee a production worthy of the play.

‘*Richard the Third*’ is, of course, historically both ridiculous and unintelligible. Melodramatically, however, though occasionally bewildering in its story, it is robust, swift-moving, full of conscious (and unconscious) humour and exciting. It is played at the New Theatre with a touch of subtle burlesque; indeed, there were times when I was reminded of the Gate Theatre’s delightfully ironical production of ‘*Ten Nights in a Bar-room*.’ Mr. Holloway, as members of the old Phoenix Society will remember, is a comedian who revels in full-blooded villainy; and there were touches of his Volpone in his Richard. His most delightful moments are in the scene in which Gloucester hypocritically refuses the crown of England; but his whole performance is a brilliant exhibition of humorous villainy. Mr. Gerald Lawrence, as Buckingham, gave us a well-contrasted, and very finely spoken, villain to support this Richard, and there was an interesting sketch of Edward IV by Mr. Alan Napier. The First and Second Murderers were played extremely farcically by Mr. Hubert Carter and Mr. William Miller; but as their lines doomed them to mocking laughter, this was probably a wise attempt to make a virtue out of a necessity. To my intense relief, and surprise, the children who enacted the two Princes were not only inoffensive, but actually attractive and convincing. And Miss Madge Compton is entitled to great praise for managing to make (Heaven alone knows how she did it!) Anne’s change of mood, when wooed by Gloucester—I will not say “convincing”; Shakespeare prevented any chance of that—but at least not utterly incredible. I commend this play to the attention of every playgoer who enjoys the melodramas of Mr. Edgar Wallace.

THE FILMS

FUTURE SHADOWS

BY MARK FORREST

On Approval. Directed by Tom Walls. Trade Show.
Escape. Directed by Basil Dean. Trade Show.

M R. FREDERICK LONSDALE'S admirable comedy has been produced by the British and Dominion Film Corporation and because Mr. Lonsdale's dialogue is nearly as piquant on the screen as it was on the stage, the film is very entertaining. For some reason adequate, I suppose, to the adaptor, but wholly inadequate to me, the play has been altered to introduce the happy ending. In an artificial comedy of spite, such as 'On Approval' is, the happy ending—in this case the marriage of the insufferable Duke of Bristol with the young heiress and presumably also that of the selfish Maria with her persistent admirer—strikes an entirely false note. If the excuse for this innovation be, as I have no doubt it is, that the masses will prefer the play that way because they like to see love triumphant, the answer must be that when it is made quite plain from the dialogue and characterization that love is the last thing with which the play is concerned, the audience will be entirely indifferent as to the outcome of the two affairs, so long as the selfish sides of the quadrilateral get their deserts. The other innovation consists of showing Maria's two servants giving notice—in the play they had already departed. As the Americans say, "this don't help the movie any either."

Mr. Tom Walls has directed the film and also plays the principal part of the Duke of Bristol. The direction is not brilliant and all the way through one could not help recalling Herr Ernst Lubitsch's handling of a similar group in 'The Marriage Circle.' Mr. Walls's performance is of a different calibre from that of Ronald Squire, who played the part on the stage; but except for occasional touches which belong to farce and not to comedy, it is not much the worse for that. Edmund Breon repeats his admirable study of the self-sacrificing Richard Wemyss. Yvonne Arnaud, as Maria Wislak, does not appear very sure of herself, but her stage technique is such that the result is good; her personality, however, does not allow her to get the same acidity out of her lines as Ellis Jeffreys managed to do. Winifred Shotter is disappointing, but I did not care for the performance of Valerie Taylor in this rôle, which is not as easy to portray as some people might imagine.

When Mr. Galsworthy's 'Escape' was produced by Mr. Leon M. Lion many people said that they had enjoyed themselves, but that it was not a play. By that criticism they implied that the construction was cinematographic. In a short time the play will be released in this form and it will be seen that the criticism was a just one, for with very little alteration or addition the play makes a very satisfactory picture.

Some good hunting scenes are introduced at the beginning in order to over-emphasize the point of the story, and there are some fine "shots" of Dartmoor. Mr. Basil Dean has fallen into no traps, and if the direction is not inspired, it is at any rate painstaking and should serve to put the Americans right about many details of English life which they continually misrepresent.

The picture is acted by the strongest British cast that any company has so far assembled and Horace Hodges, as the judge, Austin Trevor, as the clergyman, which part he incidentally played on the stage, Lewis Casson, as the farmer, and Edna Best, as the shingled young lady—to mention only those whose performances most appealed to me—make the best of their brief chances. Sir Gerald du Maurier plays the leading part of the escaped convict.

Both this film and 'On Approval' should succeed, though neither can be labelled "outstanding," except in reference to other British enterprises.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—236

SET BY JAMES LINDSAY

A. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Half and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account of a conversation, in not more than 250 words, between Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson on the subject of the spirit messages which it is claimed are being received from the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a music-hall song, in two verses and a chorus, with one or two (not more) extra couplets for encores. The song is called 'Who'd have thought we'd lose the Ashes?' and is sung by a member of the Selection Committee.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week : LITERARY 236A or LITERARY 236B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, September 15. The results will be announced in the issue of September 20.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 234

SET BY ROBERT STEELE

A. A new reporter sent in the following notice of the local regatta: "There was a poor attendance at the M—— Regatta on Thursday and it was generally agreed that the show was the poorest yet staged. None of the competitors were at all keen and there were no exciting finishes. The firework display was not worth seeing. It is time the Regatta Committee resigned."* As the proprietor of the paper is Chairman of the Regatta Committee, the report has to be rewritten. A First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for reports which shall have exactly the same meaning but be superficially enthusiastic.

B. At Kolbigh the young folk were dancing in the churchyard on Christmas night and a judgment fell on them so that they could not stop for a twelvemonth. One stanza of the song they were singing is preserved:

Equitabat Bovo per silvam frondosam,
Ducebat sibi Mersuindem formosam;
Quid stamus? cur non imus?

Prizes of One Guinea and Half a Guinea are offered for six more couplets to complete the ballad, preserving its character as a dancing song.

REPORT FROM MR. STEELE

234A. The real difficulty in rewriting this report was to convey the suggestion that the Committee should resign without saying it in so many words. The whole

* With apologies to the World's Press News

report should be laudatory, just the little too laudatory to awaken a belated suspicion of its genuineness. With some hesitation I award the first prize to J. H. G. Gibbs, and the second to Pibwob, with H. P. Blunt a close third. Mrs. Gordon Smith was good, but a little too wordy, Staffa too direct, Miss Dalglish too diffuse, Mr. Upward explained too much. Mr. Swan, Miss Elles, Mr. Oliver and Mr. Lester Ralph also did well, and very few competitors did badly.

FIRST PRIZE

It was clear that but few of its most enthusiastic supporters anticipated the unprecedented measure of success attending the M—— Regatta on Thursday. The standard of oarsmanship displayed may be gauged by the ease with which the winning competitors, rowing well within themselves, drew away from their rivals. There could be no two opinions as to the brilliance of the firework display. If the Regatta Committee resigned to-morrow, it would be with a feeling of satisfaction for work well done.

J. H. G. GIBBS

SECOND PRIZE

A select attendance at the M—— Regatta on Thursday was almost unanimous in declaring that the gala was without parallel among its predecessors. Especially noticeable was the absence of any spirit of pot-hunting among the competitors, while the winners of the various events amply proved their superiority over their rivals. It was remarked that nothing like the fireworks had ever been seen before. As the Regatta Committee can hardly hope on another occasion to reach this year's standard, the suggestion has been made that they should resign their office to successors who would not have the same handicap.

PIBWOB

234B. The entries for this competition were disappointing, as most of the verses sent in were full of classical allusions, entirely out of place in a peasant dancing song. Mr. Williams sends a cento which it is difficult to believe was intended as a ballad; Mr. Lester Ralph sends a good copy of verses, quantitative, not accentual; Mr. Bolus introduces the first person in his ballad and thus leaves the second prize to T. E. Casson. I cannot recommend anyone for the first prize.

SECOND PRIZE

Saltabat Faunus et agrestis Silenus;
Cantat tibicen et cicada terrenus:
Saltent virgo atque juvenum primus!

Juvat, O juvenes, inter saltus ire;
O Bovo, juvat, O Mersuindes, coire.
Quid stamus? cur non imus?

Nunc cantat Orpheus et cantat Musaeus.
Nunc laetat Haemus et flumen Spercheus.
Saltent virgo atque juvenum primus!

Necon bacchantur Maenades ad Caystrum;
Planguntur tympana ac plangit sistrum.
Quid stamus? cur non imus?

Jam lucet Hesperus atque astra perlucunt.
Pleiares mox Horae Selenenque ducent.
Saltent virgo atque juvenum primus!

Capri, laetate, pascentes hibisco.
Aselli, jubilate, cum fratre Franciso.
Quid stamus? cur non imus?

T. E. CASSON

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

CONSERVATIVE POLICY

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in your issue of August 30 from Mr. A. H. Clarke, to which, as he makes a reference to me, I should like to make a short reply.

The reason I regard the difference between the Conservative policy and that of Lord Beaverbrook as purely a question of machinery and not of principle is that Mr. Baldwin, speaking at Bewdley on August 2, said :

If we wish to sell more of our goods to the Dominions, it is obvious we must be prepared to buy more goods from them, and the things which the Dominions want markets for are their primary produce.

This clearly implies that if we want an extended and freer exchange of commodities between this country and the Dominions we must be prepared to place Customs Duties on the primary products in which the Dominions are interested, which come to this country from sources outside the Empire. The difference between us is that Lord Beaverbrook wishes to face this issue at the next General Election and Mr. Baldwin wishes to postpone it to a Referendum or some future General Election. I have already stated that I regard the question as of such urgency that it does not "brook delay."

I am, etc.,

BASIL PETO

Tawstock Court,
Barnstaple

TEST BOREDOM

SIR,—I am reluctant to add to the many words already set up in print on the subject of the Test Matches, but I cannot allow Mr. Brownlee's attack upon the spirit of Australian cricket to pass without a protest. It is ungracious, and at variance with the facts. The Australians beat us, fair and square, because they were better cricketers. I was present at every Test and speak from first-hand knowledge. Their batsmen had more strokes and they used them; they respected the good ball and hit the bad. Their fast and medium bowlers had more pace from the wicket, and their spin bowlers had more spin. They fielded better, there was never a man on their side to "lose," and their picking up and throwing was far in advance of our own.

Their batsmen scored runs on the average much quicker than ours. At Leeds we took six and a quarter hours to score 425; the Australians took ten and a half hours to score 729. At Leeds, Australia scored 566 in seven hours forty minutes, or 73 an hour, while England scored 212 in four hours twenty-five minutes in their first innings before the rain came, or an average of less than 50 an hour. At Manchester the rate of scoring was about the same. In all matches previous to the Oval Australian batsmen had shown themselves decidedly more prone to hit the half-volley, full toss or leg-hop. Richardson, McCabe and Fairfax at Nottingham all got out trying to hit the half-volley out of the field, and that with their side in a precarious situation. Bradman always played the cavalier game; although he did not hit the ball in the air. He ran yards down the wicket to the first ball he received at Lord's. In the first hour of his innings at Leeds he scored 70 runs, and in the day 309, including 42 boundaries. And this

against an attack of length bowlers chosen designedly to keep the rate of scoring down—Tate, Larwood, Geary and Tyldesley. Not one ball that day the slightest shade short or over-tossed but was hit hard by Bradman; and as for full tosses, ask Leyland.

This brings us to the Oval. England batted first on a perfect wicket and scored 405 in seven and three-quarter hours, or fifty-three an hour. With the exception of Duleepsinhji, no batsman on the English side took the slightest risk. Sutcliffe batted the whole day for 138—compare this with Bradman's 309 in ten minutes less time at Leeds. Australia replied to this fairly substantial score of England by scoring at the rate of sixty an hour, exactly twice as fast as England opened her innings on the previous day. Ponsford completed his century in two hours twenty minutes, a delightfully free and stylish piece of batting with strokes all round the wicket. He got out trying to hit a ball from Peebles over the pavilion. At the end of the first day Australia had scored 215 in three and a half hours. Before lunch on the third day, when the wicket was really vicious, both Larwood and Hammond making the ball fly dangerously about, Bradman, Kippax and Jackson scored 156 in 150 minutes. McCabe played what can only be described as a "flashy" innings, full of beautiful strokes. Is this dull cricket—is this the cricket of a team which Mr. Brownlee says is killing the spirit of English cricket? No county team in England scores quicker day by day than Australia did in Test matches in all conditions. Ponsford, Bradman, McCabe, and Kippax all played free cricket, and Richardson notoriously treated the Tests as though he were playing country-house cricket. Woodfull was their one defensive batsman, and surely every team, Test, County and Club should possess one man who can hold one end tight.

In our hour of defeat let us be fair. Let our criticism of the victors, if criticize we must, be based on facts; not on impressions, which are apt to be influenced by the state of the game.

I am, etc.,
S. ROWBOTHAM

Manchester

TITHE AND THE AGRICULTURAL PROBLEM

SIR.—Mr. Eves has raised a very important issue, and his extremely moderate and able presentation of the landowner's and farmer's case is most convincing. Of course, there is no reason why the Tithe Act of 1925 should not be repealed if it is found to operate unfairly. In these days the farmer is of far more value to the country than the parson, and if a reduction of the tithe, or, better still, its abolition, were to make the latter more dependent upon his parishioners, I cannot think that the cause of true religion would suffer.

The matter is essentially one for the State. Why cannot it make a Concordat with the Church of England, as other nations do with that of Rome, and pay the salaries of the clergy direct? If an Established Church is considered necessary, it is difficult to see why the burden of its upkeep should fall upon the landowner and the farmer, who in no way benefit by it.

I am, etc.,
PHILIP HADDON

Beaminster, Dorset

THE BISHOPS AND BIRTH CONTROL

SIR.—Quaero does not seem satisfied with the resolution of the Bishops; but what did he expect them to say? That we must not? That we may (which they did say)? That we must? He is not from his concluding sentences, in favour of the former course. The last, of course, is absurd. The Anglican

Church has always left a good deal to the conscience of her followers; Quaero suggests that it is not a very sound guide. But we call it in to help in many matters, as important to our social and family life as birth control. I would suggest for his consideration:

Divorce.

The education of our children and the hands into which we entrust them.

The way we gain and spend our money.

The woman's acceptance or refusal of an offer of marriage.

The acceptance or refusal of responsibilities of all kinds for which we may, or may not, consider ourselves fit.

The amount of time we give to sheer pleasure and relaxation, and to church-going.

The genuine followers of the Roman Catholic Church have it quite definitely settled for them.

There is no divorce, no birth control, no voting for the wrong party in politics, no attending any social or charitable function organized by, or for the funds of, any other religious body. There are strict rules of attendance at mass and confession and about fasting, under and over 21, on fast-days, ember-days and other. What is the result?

It is not called divorce, but "nullity of marriage" on the flimsiest grounds, is no uncommon thing.

Have the R.C.s I know larger families than the rest of the world? No. Why not?

I approve of the Resolution of the Bishops. In spite of my own large family, it is, in the age in which we live, a sound one.

I am, etc.,
A MOTHER OF MANY

IMPERIAL TRADE EXHIBITION

SIR.—The Imperial Trade Exhibition which is being held in Buenos Aires in March-April of next year will, I am glad to know, be exclusively for the show of British and Imperial manufactures. The support which I understand is being given by the Government is such that the Exhibition cannot fail to create an added interest of primary importance to all exhibitors.

I am wondering whether a series of trade fairs of this sort, followed by a combined Imperial Advertising Campaign, is one of the answers to unemployment. In any case this can do nothing but good, and the expenditure would be amply justified, together with Government support.

I am, etc.,
R. BOND

'IS ART DYING?'

SIR.—I did not think it would ever be necessary for me to assist art critics in their public disputes until I read the amazing letter of Mr. Jas. Stanley Little, whose style immediately betrays him as a belligerent amateur. "When a man writes as carelessly as that," I heard Mr. George Moore saying, "he must be thinking very carelessly." To my surprise and indignation, Mr. Little confidently refers to himself as an art critic.

As an art critic, Mr. Little declares that it "behoves" him to "deal with at least one point" raised by Mr. Rossetti. The point in question was an analogy between the attitude of critics towards the pre-Raphaelites and (to use Mr. Little's words and my italics) "objections urged to-day against the neo-impressionists, cubists and their like." Mr. Little proceeded to declare the analogy non-existent, because, "viewing modern art of the last two centuries as a whole, the pre-Raphaelites . . . come naturally and unobtrusively into the picture." He then

describes the attitude of the pre-Raphaelites themselves.

Having fobbed off Mr. Rossetti with his curious *non sequitur*, Mr. Little, giddy with casuistry, deals with another point. After this he thankfully repeats his critical creed and ends with some more points and a fine tirade against "these self-styled exponents of modern art."

I can think of no artist, good or bad, who would be so foolish as to style himself as "an exponent of modern art." There is also no modern artist who has claimed that his works are of "such inherent virtue as completely to wipe the slate (Mr. Little has a trite taste in metaphor) of the art of the past." I suspect that among his duties as an art critic Mr. Little has been reading the works of Mr. Wilenski and his disciples, and that Mr. Little reads as carelessly as he writes.

When he has learned to think in terms of art and not of the "art world," he will see that comparisons between art and politics are even less helpful than between literature and music and art. When he has learned to write, it will appear to him that "canons of Beauty and Order" are superannuated words and they can have no meaning for us to-day; and from this he will be led to perceive that each age has an art and a criticism of its own and that some art is "unobtrusive" and some (as he so generously puts it) "frankly revolutionary." Finally, when he is as old as he can reasonably expect to be, he may look back over two hundred years, or over any other arbitrary period, and ask himself whether the "neo-impressionists," etc., do not fall as naturally "into the picture" as Blake, the P. R. B., or Whistler's "paintpot flung in the face of the public."

I do not know whether any paper or person besides himself stands sponsor for Mr. Little as an art critic, but I protest that his opinions on any artistic subject should be ignored until he has learnt what has been and has not been said on that subject, and until he has cleaned his values and his style, for, like those of many who "adhere to the traditions of art," they are too sticky for use.

The title 'Is Art Dying?' is journalese and, like Mr. Little, it obscures the issue, which is an important one.

I am, etc.,
MICHAEL REDGRAVE

Chapel Street, S.W.1

COME TO BRITAIN

SIR,—Anyone who has, like myself, wandered over Western Europe for many years, knows that the chief obstacle in the way of travel in this country is the ghastly simulacrum of a properly cooked meal which is offered us wherever we go—large and small towns alike. In the smallest town in France—often no larger than a village—one is sure to find good cooking at a reasonable rate. Why cannot we have a plain English meal in our own country? One reason seems to be that every French inn has a regular body of customers who take their chief meals there and keep the cooking up to the mark, the chance custom being regarded as only an addition to the revenue of the innkeeper. In England there is no such regular demand. Where it exists it is admirably served; witness the farmers' ordinary on market days and the great number of public-houses in London and other centres of population where a substantial meal of plain and good English cooking is served every day at a very moderate rate. If English hotels would return to English cookery of local produce, abandon tinned food and sham French cooking, it is my belief that they would be amply repaid.

I am, etc.,
VIATOR

THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S

SIR.—The degeneracy to which Mr. William Sanderson referred in his article occasioned by the meeting of the Lambeth Conference has very little connexion with some mistaken conception of the function of an Established Church, but it is mainly the result of the past undue emphasis on individualism by the Church in question; for when all were members of the national Church its teaching reached everybody as authoritative. It is rather to the application of Puritan principles to their official duties by individuals in positions of authority and government in the State than to the direct interference by the Church as such in either politics or morals, that are due the "signs" of moral degeneracy and the present Liberal-Socialist, foreign-financial chaos lauded as democracy.

"Grounds for the control of emotion" and "resignation in passive relationships" are obviously factors in character which, for that reason, cannot be excluded from the sphere of morality. Instinct and tradition cannot thus be differentiated from man's attitude to "his hereditary capacities and disabilities," etc.; the former are the raw materials, the latter the result of the effect on these of thought and religious experience which, though to some extent conditioned, are not by any means determined by them. The intricate finished article is belief, the criterion to which all questions of conduct and attitude, whether active or passive, are referred—as distinct from that to which disinterested intellectual consent is given:

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;

the relevant agenda before the leaders of a society the members of which think before they act were (1) the doctrine of God and (2) the moral import of that doctrine: for the speciality of Christian priests forces them to the contemplation of eternity not as an end in itself but as the essential preliminary to right attitude and conduct in a life which is a sub-species of the Eternal.

The Bishops met for their deliberations as representatives of the Catholic Church in the Empire, not as the leaders of a militant movement for Empire-Puritanism. An Established Church which recognizes that its true function is "the salvation of men as social beings" on principles in concordance with national tradition and is logically forced to the conclusion that this can be performed only by the salvation of individual members of the community, owes to the State the duty not only of guiding its own priesthood and lay members in attaining to that end, but also of making affirmations and recommendations, and even of "pressing for legislation" in matters belonging to its field of specialization; a duty which ought not to be resented as the intolerable interference of bias.

Your contributor's criticism of his quoted sayings of Christ is typical of the attitude of many to these matters; he is content with so slight an acquaintance with the narratives as to have failed to grasp some obvious first principles; that the sayings are often clearly proverbial, emphasizing now one and now another aspect of an underlying truth; that the apparent object is to stimulate thought in accordance with certain broad principles. He who said "Take no thought for the morrow" and told His followers to pray "Give us day by day our daily bread" is also the author of the parable about talents and of the commendation of the "unjust steward" for his energetic foresight and ambition. He repeatedly protests against literalism, the source of indiscrimination between passivity and activity: "Do ye not yet understand?" "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" presents the Christian teaching.

I am, etc.,
ROBERT W. S. LANE
Cambridge

NEW NOVELS

Nothing to Pay. By Caradoc Evans. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

Not Without Laughter. By Langston Hughes. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

'NOTHING TO PAY,' the sardonic saga of a Welsh shop-assistant, is a queer and disconcerting novel. Its oddity is due largely to the fact that it is made up of such incongruous ingredients. There are snatches of dialogue in which Celtic idiom is so faithfully reproduced that to the English reader they are almost as unintelligible as if they were in Welsh, e.g. :

"There's a bit of clonk," she said . . .
"What's the old clonk, Catti fach?"
"Twelve eggs a day you gobble!"
"And cockles?" Ianto added,
"Two pennies a day I want for the mess!"
"I'm only a poor dab."

And then there are passages the melancholy cadence of which recalls what is probably a kindred quality in Ossian. Thus :

He came to Capel Moriah. All men end in Moriah. The white walls of Moriah were like the shoulders of God. The sadness of decay was upon Amos, for the fainting light was heavy with menace.

Side by side with these echoes of primitive speech and writing there are links with contemporary models. Take, for example, the following glimpse of drapery routine and ethics :

"Squadding seven to seven-forty-five, breakfast seven-forty-five to eight, counter eight sharp. Best be previous than not; late arrivals are fined. Watch your swaps; if you let go three customers a day without selling them you shall be sacked. And if you pinch, mister, I'll take you to jail as long as I live."

Here, and in similar passages, notably those revealing the mysteries of bargain sales, the broad comedy effects bring us very close to the atmosphere of Mr. Polly's world. Elsewhere, too, we find brisk satire of a different type which overlaps with 'Elmer Gantry' both in subject and method :

Eben came in from the vestry. . . . He held his hands aloft and prayed. Then he stepped into the pulpit and threw the Bible and the hymn-book on the floor. He said in English : "Somebody sit on it. That's what it's made for. God doesn't want soft places. . . . Don't keep God waiting on the doormat. It's up to you to keep in with God. His stock is always soaring and there's always a dividend. . . ."

But the general impression left by the book is that few authors using the English language have been less English in manner than Mr. Evans. Indeed, Conrad seems a typical John Bull by comparison. We have referred to the book as a saga, and this is perhaps how it should be judged. Amos Morgan, the main character, then emerges from it less as a real person than as an allegorical figure embodying the proclivities which Mr. Evans attributes to the Welsh, notably those implied by the title. He is drawn mostly as a caricature which, in parts, becomes so grotesque that it bears much the same relation to reality as Mickey the Mouse. In the same way, the story itself, notably in the episode of the three Miss Trevors and their perplexing adventures in obstetrics, is sometimes projected into the boisterous extravaganza of a medieval fabliau. The resulting flavour of myth rather takes the edge off the purely realistic scenes from life behind the draper's counter and in other bleak haunts of the shop-assistant. This is a pity for, although, as we have suggested, realism is not the dominant atmosphere of the book, we think that Mr. Evans is at his best as a realist. We hope therefore that he will write a full-length novel of shop-life, without too many Celtic fringes. His equip-

ment for such a task is stupendous. He is about as sentimental as a table of logarithms, and he can record, with the same casual lack of emphasis, the theft of half-a-crown or the murder of a relative.

'Not Without Laughter' resembles 'Nothing To Pay' in being a racial novel, but it is far more orthodox in manner. It describes the life of coloured washer-women, cooks, artisans and bell-boys in the Middle West. Mr. Hughes has steered an excellent middle course between the sentimental and the sensational approach to coloured America, and although he scarcely disguises his attitude towards the social disabilities of the negro, the novelist never degenerates into a propagandist. His character-drawing, too, is admirable, and the only defect in the narrative is that, towards the end, it tends to be too uneven in its detail. Thus we read :

The following day Sandy went to work as elevator-boy at the hotel in the Loop where Mr. Harris was head bellman, and during the hot summer months that followed, his life in Chicago gradually settled into a groove of work and home.

Here we have to take too much for granted. We have been told so much about Sandy's earlier life that we are entitled to know more about the later period. Altogether, the concluding pages are too hurried and condensed. The book ends inconclusively, and there seems no reason why it should not continue. We hope it will.

REVIEWS

MAARTEN MAARTENS' LETTERS

The Letters of Maarten Maartens. Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and a Memoir by Norreys Jephson O'Conor. Constable. 22s. 6d.

ONCE a group of Cambridge undergraduates, concerned in the production of the *Granta*, was electrified to hear that the editor had procured a contribution from no less a writer than Maarten Maartens. I remember the occasion, the excitement, the congratulations, the large type used upon the cover to announce the contribution, but can scarcely credit the entry in Mr. W. Van Maanen's bibliography, attached to this volume, that the story appeared so long ago as November, 1903. Memory is proverbially untrustworthy. I should have guessed a couple of years later, and supposed that it was then, and under the enterprising editorship of Mr. J. E. Harold Terry, whose future reputation as a dramatist was being foreshadowed in his doings at the Footlights, that the *Granta* thus distinguished itself. The point of this incident is that while, from that day forward, the name of Maarten Maartens had a special significance in my mind, by some unfortunate freak I missed all his other stories. How great a miss that was is apparent from this collection of his letters, from the critical appreciation provided here by 'Q,' and from the personal comments on his books contained, throughout the book, in letters from such other of his friends as Sir James Barrie, Sir Edmund Gosse, and those shrewd judges, the late George Bentley, the publisher, and Robertson Nicoll, the journalist. His friends held Maarten Maartens in peculiar affection; even on the printed pages here his charm can be felt. To them, and to admirers of his novels, this volume will be a personal gift. To those to whom his name only is familiar, the record will become an invitation to the collected edition of his works that Messrs. Constable published in 1914. Some phrases in the preface by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch suggest that the Maarten Maartens novels have not maintained their former popularity.

If so, this collection of his letters, so sensitive, so witty, so interesting, will hasten a revived judgment concerning his books.

No one adjective is faceted enough to describe either him or his curious fortune, whether in letters or in life. The son of a converted Jew, who married a Dutch lady, Joost Marius Willem van der Poorten Schwartz, to give him his real name, was born in Amsterdam in 1858. At the age of six he went with his parents to London, remained six years, and, on the death of his father, he returned to Amsterdam before completing his education at Bonn, at Utrecht University, and with a private tutor in Italy. Inheriting his father's exceptional linguistic gifts, and all his life accustomed to travel, he became as nearly "a good European" as any patriot could be. Holland was his country and his home, but an odd fate ordained that his friends and his reputation should exist—almost everywhere else. Distinguishing himself in law, he revolted against legal casuistry, and after he had married the cousin to whom he had proposed when he was only eight years old, he published two volumes of verse and two poetic tragedies, in English. A quaint mixture of good and ill fortune was his personal and literary fate from the first. With four modern languages at his fingers' ends, the "language" he "loved best" was "English." The poems were received favourably, but the almost life-long illness of his wife early led him to travel with her in pursuit of health, and he became a writer in 1888 by the accident of reading a popular detective story which led him to exclaim, "I can do that."

His own tale, in the same medium, was followed by 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh,' a novel of Dutch life in English by Maarten Maartens. This enabled him to say, with his customary whimsicality: "M. M. was born in November, 1888, in Paris. Other statements sometimes occur, but they are absolutely untrue. In proof whereof witness his own hand—M. M." The immediate success of this novel convinced the author that he had found his vocation; but he hated the act of writing, was independent of financial considerations, and thus it was that Maarten Maartens was rather a nuisance to his inventor, the gentleman of leisure in Holland. Nearly a score of novels and volumes of stories followed 'Joost Avelingh,' which were thought at first to be translations from the Dutch. Unfortunately, however, the esteem in which these books were held in England and America, and later in most countries on the Continent, was not shared by the people of Holland who with what, we are assured, was inexplicable perversity, declared that they were being caricatured. Foreign readers, not only in England, learned to love Holland from Maartens' books, but his countrymen, who would have preferred him to write in Dutch, continued to vilify him. Thus the dual personality in which his extreme modesty delighted became the protection of his private life. In his beautiful Dutch homes his books were never mentioned outside his family. His hearth, his wife, his family interests were in Holland, but the friends whom he seemed most to value were English; and he suffered from the unnatural contradiction all his days.

Such, in briefest outline, were the circumstances in which these letters were written. The letters themselves are no less hard to distil into a few words. Shortly before his death in 1915, a death hastened by his profound horror at the war, during which it was his dread that Holland would not be allowed to keep her neutrality, he read the correspondence of Horace Walpole, and declared that "he and I are as alike as two peas, in feelings, experiences, sentiments, tastes, affectations, sufferings, fads, fancies.... I am only a poor copy of H. W., after all." With that hint, and a caution that M. M. was a great gentleman without a trace of affection (for Barrie

and 'Q,' Gosse, indeed all his friends, are at one on this), we can enjoy the charm, wit, freshness, tenderness, and sometimes searching good sense of these delightful letters. His horror of sport, his European outlook, his unblinded eye for the weak points in medical and legal practice, his gift for friendship, the virtuousness of his manners where consideration for others seemed but grace of soul, the unpredictable turn of his literary criticisms, his odd faculty for punning in different languages, the depth of his religious feeling, can be tasted upon many a page. Here are a very few examples:

One man can never get very close to another, and therefore that man goes through life alone who cannot get close to God.

Government by ignorance—the majority of men—has failed—no, proved a failure. Government by intuition—the majority of women—comes next.

Panamas and Dreyfus-scandals occur in every country: only the French public refuses to endure them.

Honour and decency have so little in common with the respectable and the genteel.

No such quotations can convey the spirit of the letters; a spirit untainted by experience of success. In the Greek sense, they are aristocratic, and the replies that he evoked from, if one must choose, the Gosses in particular, add still another interest to this many-sided book. Even if good critics had not admired his novels, these letters would create a lively curiosity about them. This book is the kind of Memoir that would have been to his taste, and he was a connoisseur of spiritual, and gastronomic, graces.

OSBERT BURDETT

ANATOLE FRANCE

Le Moyen Age dans l'Œuvre d'Anatole France.
Par Alvida Ahlstrom. Paris. Les Belles Lettres.

MISS AHLSTROM has written a well-planned and fully documented study of the Middle Ages as it appears in the work of Anatole France. If her book is rather a eulogy than a criticism, it is so far welcome since his writings are now passing through the phase of detraction and neglect which is the natural reaction from the wide popularity they enjoyed. Moreover, all good criticism must be based on eulogy; if the good points of a writer are to be estimated at their permanent value, the critic must sympathize with their strength before pointing out their weaknesses. If, for example, we are to consider France as an historian, we must recognize his wide reading and ample documentation, as Miss Ahlstrom does, but we must then go on to say that the minor inaccuracies to be found so frequently in his history of Joan of Arc do not encourage an unquestioning faith in his pronouncements.

There has been of late years a considerable number of books dealing with the knowledge displayed in great works of literature of the world of their time. But all, or nearly all of them give evidence of a common confusion of thought. In Dante's outlook on life, for example, there are necessarily two distinct influences—one, that of the point of view given by the ordinary education of the time to all who enjoyed it; the other, his personal attitude, the new outlook he found for himself. Strictly speaking, this latter is the only thing we are entitled to consider in connexion with Dante; the first is part of the educational history of his time. Now, as one reads Miss Ahlstrom's book we find very little or nothing about the Middle Ages in the work of Anatole France which was not the common property of everyone who had received the education of his day. There is no trace of reading which involved the

slightest research, no independent discoveries. We are not denigrating Anatole France in saying this; he was not an archivist or a professor—he was a critic and in his hours a poet; he had the gift of imaginatively constructing a scholar—in his unscholarly moments. He was a Parnassian who ripened into a Voltairean; his whole outlook on life was anti-medieval, however much he sympathized with individuals; the truest expression of his judgment on the age is put into the mouth of Virgil describing the visit of Dante to the Inferno. Books of this kind serve no useful purpose except the education of the person who is writing them; but we can confidently say, from our perusal of it, that Miss Ahlstrom is evidently fully equipped for some more exacting and more useful study.

POPERY

No Popery. By Herbert Thurston. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

FATHER HERBERT THURSTON, S.J., has written a book drawing attention to "the atmosphere of calumny and fable with which the Papacy in times past has been invested by ill-disposed persons, and which is still largely responsible for the disfavour with which the Holy See is regarded by many of our countrymen." He does not deny that there have been very grave scandals at the Papal Court "which cannot be in any way excused or palliated." The book, however, is somewhat in the nature of a challenge, and it does not deal with the fundamental objection to "Popery" which people feel who believe most intensely that a court where those "grave scandals" have occurred is absolutely wrong in claiming powers such as the Papacy undoubtedly does claim. Have not those powers, by their very nature, something to do with the cause of the scandals?

But of more interest is the answer to the question: What exactly is the Popery of which many of our countrymen will have none? What does the Pope, through the Hierarchy and the priests, want to do? Take an example. When the Bull 'Regnans in Excelsis' was published denouncing Elizabeth, was it meant to be taken seriously? If so, what really was the duty of a devout Roman Catholic? Much has been said about the sufferings of Roman Catholics in Elizabeth's reign, but is there really any fair comparison between the two cruel persecutions, in Mary's reign, and later in Elizabeth's? What political danger threatened Mary? And was the Pope's Bull against Elizabeth in no sense political?

The Englishman's disfavour is not to be traced only to the Reformation events. A fair (and we would believe Christian) understanding of the last four centuries does reveal that the old theological sin-system resting on the literal truth of the story of Adam and Eve can no longer stand. The work of Newton, Darwin and Einstein, and their associates, makes certain conclusions inevitable to honest minds. Yet a vast fabric of moral theology, resting on theological and psychological conclusions drawn from the theory of original sin, and the great scheme of salvation depending upon the Catholic theory of the authority of the Church, still plays an immensely important part in the lives of people under Roman influence.

Dr. Barnes was not wide of the mark when he referred to the old orthodoxy being in ruins. Perhaps he exaggerated, but the real divide is not between him and the Anglo-Catholics of Oxford and Cambridge, but between adherents of the old orthodoxy and those who accept the main findings

of modern science. No doubt a kind of Neo-Platonic Thomism might be built up which avoids any serious clash with reason, but such would be a philosophy reserved for the scholar, not a faith for the Maltese peasant.

It is difficult to see how the Roman Church can hope for anything except a "sea-change," or slow decay, but for two things. First, "modern democracy" is really new, and it has had a doubtful beginning. It would be unfair to blame democracy for the aftermath of a great war in which the villains of the piece were undoubtedly the autocrats, yet, as Dean Inge showed in a famous outspoken essay ten years ago, the future of Europe seemed gloomy then, and it appeared that there must be some rallying-centre against Bolshevism. Would the Black International have its chance? The steadiness of Germany seems to have allayed the danger. Yet the Papacy has reaped some benefit.

There is, however, another matter which has not escaped the Curia. In modern countries the crude birth-rate is declining. So are the death and infant mortality rates. Humanitarian sentiment has shown itself in many different forms—child, maternity and general health welfare—and the principle of allowances has been accepted. The ordinary Protestant (no doubt with one eye on material comfort), has turned down the idea of large families, but he is taxed much more considerably to aid the welfare of his neighbours. In itself that may be a good thing. From the point of view of the Roman Hierarchy it is a Heaven-sent opportunity. The Church can use her power to encourage fertility among her people, and whereas formerly a high death-rate accompanied a high birth-rate, in Protestant countries nowadays the Roman Catholic community can make the best of both worlds.

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THE FIRST HOMER?

The Original 'Iliad': The Solution of the Homeric Question. By Robinson Smith-Nice.

AS this is a provisional edition, some things occur to us which might be usefully said. The format of the book, which will not go into any ordinary shelf, is a handicap; Mr. Smith should not write so freely of "common-sense," which is a question-begging word avoided by the wise; he might in his full volume discuss the evidence for Homer's dialect, so far as it goes, and the proceedings and results of Aristarchus and his lesser brethren. It would be well to make a note of recently discovered texts which have additions and exclusions, and finally it is too much to expect a reader to learn a code which simplifies reference but employs all the letters of the alphabet.

Mr. Smith has, however, produced a solid and very elaborate case for supposing that the part of the 'Iliad' he calls 'The Wrath of Achilles'—less than one-fourth of the whole—differs markedly from the rest in its idiom, scansion and other points. When he suspects lines, he is able to show that they are grammatically odd and could have been copied from other lines he regards as better. We cannot in this early literature make so much as he does of words and clauses that seem unnecessary. Would not a reader confronted with Job i. 5, "I only am escaped alone to tell thee," declare that either "alone" or "only" was a gloss added wrongly to the text? But Mr. Smith goes so far as to derive Homer's "For a dream too is of God" from Genesis xl. 8, in which he prints "interpolations" for "interpretations"! We cannot agree entirely about weak stresses and unimportant or misplaced words, nor are we always sure that, when two passages are similar, one precedes and is more genuine than the other.

It is a definite objection that the 'Original Iliad' as selected is not entirely free from the ways of the accretionist. Of Book XI Mr. Smith includes only 39 lines and one of these contains a word for "baneful" not read elsewhere in Homer, but found in the Hesiodic 'Shield of Heracles.' Why, then, with this proof of late insertion, is not this line rejected as due to an accretionist? Leaf, the modern protagonist of this Wrath idea, shifted his ground more than once and admitted that his excision was sometimes arbitrary. If Homer's text as we have it is made out of more than one dialect, it may have a genuine original behind it and yet show faults due to rhapsodists with different ideas of language or defective memories which have spoilt some lines. People to-day, as in Plato's day, seldom repeat well-known lines without letting some slight unconscious corruption slip in, and are capable of inventing a new line when they have forgotten the original. If the 'Wrath of Achilles' came before the rest of the 'Iliad,' the original writer was succeeded by one or more poets of equal greatness. We think some of the parts excluded, such as the 'New Armour for Achilles,' admitted to be "perhaps as old as the original 'Iliad' itself," can fairly claim a place. The story looks rather like a nude deprived of some of its available clothing in Mr. Smith's reduction, and not all that he thinks absurd will appear so to others. But he is far advanced with his four classes of accretionists and recognizes borrowings as late as 650 B.C.

MR. SANTAYANA'S PHILOSOPHY

The Realm of Matter. By George Santayana. Constable. 12s.

MR. SANTAYANA is presenting his philosophy in a series of volumes. His 'Scepticism and Animal Faith' is now followed by 'The Realm of Matter.' This American professor, born in Spain of Spanish

parents, is an original thinker who exercises a potent influence upon our younger intellectuals, and expresses certain modern tendencies which he has helped to shape.

Mr. Santayana, reacting from the subtleties of over-intellectualization, preaches the necessity of that "animal faith," the object of which is the substantial thing encountered in action—that is to say, nature. Action it is which excludes doubt, distinguishes fact from fancy, and gives us a substantial world to work on.

Another name for substance is matter, and this is the only object posited by animal faith. "The field of action is the realm of matter"; this is the material in which action works. It is continuous, measurable, and subject to repetitions, and by this "fidelity to measure and law" becomes the substance of our world, i.e., the field for our action. It is trustworthy, and therefore it can become the raw material of action. Were the mechanism of matter untrustworthy or unstable "there could be no life, experience, or art in the world." Mechanism is the alternative to chaos. "The agent and his world must both be compacted of matter moving in constant and recurring tropes, if the one is not to be mad and the other treacherous."

What Mr. Santayana is saying here is not so very different from the well-known observation which occurs in Lotze's Introduction to his 'Microcosmus,' where he declares it to be his object to show "how absolutely universal is the extent, and at the same time how completely subordinate the significance, of the mission which mechanism has to fulfil in the structure of the world. The question suggests itself whether action, though its raw material is mechanical matter, can itself be reduced to terms of mechanical matter. If not, the realm of matter, has only a sort of instrumental, or subsidiary, reality after all.

Mr. Santayana subjects idealistic philosophies to a searching criticism. "These systems were essentially

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theological; they invited mankind to substitute a metaphysical faith in a metaphysical power for the animal faith in matter by which we are accustomed to live. Verbally the exchange was easy . . . but the religiosity of Berkeley and Leibniz was only official; their idealism was, and was intended to be, perfectly mundane. Common sense, science and commerce had no cause to take alarm at it, nor religion to take comfort.

Perhaps he is right. Yet probably there are alternations in philosophical taste. Idealism is at present out of fashion; something more crude, raw, and provincial has taken its place. But will the tide one day turn again?

Meanwhile the public should pay attention to what Mr. Santayana has to say, for although, philosophically, he is a naturalist, he finds a place for art and religion as well as for science; for thought and contemplation as well as for action.

J. G. HARDWICK

OCHRANA AND TSHEKA

The Ochrana. By A. T. Vassilyev. Harrap. 15s.

M. VASSILYEV was fated to be the last chief of the Ochrana, the Russian Secret Police, under the Tsardom, and, by the irony of events, to spend his last days in Russia in prisons to which in the days before the Revolution he had consigned many a political offender. His book is an apology for the great secret organization over which he presided; and although, as René Fulop-Miller points out in a critical yet appreciative introduction, he unquestionably minimizes the violent and arbitrary nature of the Ochrana's procedure, we feel as we read that this faithful servant of the Tsardom is writing what he really believes of what he knows. The Ochrana, he tells us, has been maligned, and he is particularly sore at the charge often made against it, that it provoked the crimes it was established to stamp out. He disowns utterly the *agent provocateur* as an authorized member of the Secret Police. That deliberate provocation sometimes took place he admits and gives instances; but, he assures us, whenever such action was discovered it was checked and punished. Another charge, that the Ochrana sentenced prisoners without trial, he also denies emphatically. A person under arrest could only be held for two consecutive weeks, after which he had to stand his trial or be discharged or—it seems there was a catch in it—"transferred to the category of those undergoing regular imprisonment on remand." Which sounds legal but lingering. But if an arrested person could not be sentenced to regular imprisonment without trial, no trial was needed for administrative banishment. M. Vassilyev, by the way, scores a point for "Siberia," as a home from home, when he refers us to the number of exiles who returned, in the pink of condition, to carry on the Revolution.

On the whole one likes M. Vassilyev, and trusts him: a just and honourable man, true to his trust, and likely to err on the side of mercy. Something of this must have appealed to his judges when, his power gone, he was himself called to account. "Did he do so and so?" "Certainly he did, it was his duty." So in the end they let him go, to give us one of the best and most convincing accounts of the working of a great secret service that has yet been published. Simply and soberly he describes the personnel of his department, its varied and dangerous duties, its small rewards, its faithful service. Here are stories that would suffice for a hundred thrillers told quietly as matters of routine. Stories of espionage and counter-espionage, every man taking his life in his hand, and with the knowledge that to achieve his purpose the political assassin would run any risk, accept any consequence. Incidentally to

this revelation of the Ochrana's work during the years when assassination succeeded assassination, and no man felt safe, we are given a running commentary on the ideas out of which the turmoil arose.

Of all the stories M. Vassilyev tells, the best is probably that of Rasputin's murder. Here is a detailed account of the affair written by one to whom all the facts were revealed; and who received the evidence as it was gathered—a plain, unvarnished tale; but none the less effective because told unemotionally. At the close of his description of the Ochrana, M. Vassilyev compares its methods with that of the Tsheka and has no difficulty in demonstrating that under the latter the whips of the Ochrana were turned to scorpions. There is an historical moral, however, to the stories of Tsheka and Ochrana, which M. Vassilyev sees very clearly in the case of the former but misses in the case of the latter; the moral being that systems of government which need the support of such organizations are in a bad way.

RHYME AND CADENCE

Imagist Anthology, 1930. Edited by G. Hughes. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

THOSE who prophesied an early death, whether by violence or stagnation, for the "Imagist" group of poets when they began their career together eighteen years ago have been given the lie, for here they are again with us, very much alive, only (as Mr. Glenn Huges says in his Foreword) they are now mustered "not for a charge, but for parade." They have no longer any propagandist intentions, and that they can go on existing without any is more than most critics in those early days would have suspected; but such names as D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce and Richard Aldington were scarcely known in those days.

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"None of them was interested in a movement for its own sake; each of them was interested in being a poet." And because of this, and also because the movement as such had something in it, and yet was not coddled, it has survived and born good fruit, and its members appear again, quite famous now, thank you, as they might turn up at the club together for lunch.

The French critic, Remy de Gourmont, has shown that the "Imagists" are descended from the French "Symbolistes." "The sole excuse" (he has written) "which a man can have for writing is to write down himself, to unveil for others the sort of world which mirrors itself in his individual glass... He should create his own aesthetics—and we should admit as many aesthetics as there are individual minds, and judge them for what they are and not for what they are not."

Free verse has come in for a great deal of blackguarding, and consequent advertisement, as well as misconstruction. The initial idea of it was a verse form based upon cadence—which was no new idea. Dryden, Milton and Matthew Arnold all used it at some time, and Chaucer seems to have known all about it:

And nevertheless hast set thy wyt,
Although that in thy hede ful lyte is,
To makē bokēs, songēs, dyteys
In ryme or ellēs in cadence.

The Anthology for 1930 opens with some recent verse by Richard Aldington. 'The Eaten Heart' is a striking poem, and it shows evidences of the author's striving after a philosophy having affinities with that of D. H. Lawrence. But it seems to be sometimes imposed from the outside by discipline, rather than growing from within :

Most lives are monologues, and so grow poorer;
But conceive the riches if the response is there,
Question and answer, change and interchange,
Positive life.

Six poems by Lawrence himself are included. They are short, and they tend to repeat each other, but they have an authoritative and vital quality which his imitators will never achieve.

Ford Madox Ford has a delightful—and almost "orthodox"—love poem which seems at first sight to move queerly in this company, but which takes its place as one reads through the book :

You are my strength, you are my peace;
my sustenance and my increase;
You are my thought and you do bind
the convolutions of my mind.

F. E. Flint with his 'The Making of Lilith' is rather less distinctive than usual, but the work of "H. D." has mellowed, and there is more substance than there used to be in its sentimental austerity.

A two-page fragment from James Joyce's 'Work in Progress' is included, and there are several other well-known contributors who have not been mentioned. Altogether this a cheap six shillings' worth, and a far better book than the publications of most groups whose name ends with "ist."

JOHN PIPER

THE GREEK RETREAT

Towards Disaster: The Greek Army in Asia Minor in 1921. By H.R.H. Prince Andrew of Greece. Translated from the Greek, with a Preface by H.R.H. Princess Andrew of Greece. Murray. 15s.

THE Greek campaign in Asia Minor, permitted or encouraged by the Allies, lasted from the Hellenic Landing in Smyrna in May, 1919, until the Turkish victory of September, 1922. Prior to the defeat of M. Venizelos at the election of November, 1920, that campaign received the general support of the Western Powers and during this time the Greeks were generally successful. From the beginning of 1921, when King

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**CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES**

Constantine had already returned to Athens, there were Allied attempts to bring about a Graeco-Turkish understanding, and it became apparent that the Greeks alone would be unable to defeat Mustapha Kemal Pasha and the Nationalists of Angora. From September, 1921, until September, 1922, there was a military deadlock—a deadlock terminated by the Greek debacle and the second departure of King Constantine from Athens.

The book at present under review deals primarily with the operations which took place between June and September, 1921. These operations consisted first of a deep and serious Greek advance, which went as far as the River Sakaria and which for a time seemed to threaten Angora, and then of a retirement more or less to the previous line resting upon Eskishehr, Afium Karahissar and the Baghdad Railway.

The author, who commanded a division and afterwards an Army Corps in Asia Minor, is a younger brother of the late King Constantine; he is a first cousin of His Majesty King George, and in 1903 he married Princess Alice, daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg. As a Royal Prince he suffered from the advent to power of the Military League in 1909; he was reinstated in the Army at the outbreak of the Balkan Wars and he continued to serve until the summer of 1917, when he was compelled to join King Constantine in exile. He returned to Greece directly after the electoral defeat of M. Venizelos; he held the above-mentioned posts in the summer of 1921 and, at his own request and because he foresaw the dangers of the political and military situation, he was removed from Asia Minor and given the command of the troops in Epirus. In December, 1922, when M. Gounaris and his compatriots had already been brutally executed, the Prince himself was tried for his so-called disobedience to orders and desertion of his post, his life undoubtedly only being saved by his escape to a British man-of-war.

In the space available it is impossible to review such a volume in detail. Though the author is naturally a supporter of the Royalist cause, he deals with military rather than political matters. He depicts the disorder, the lack of necessities, the want of organization, the indecision and the political intrigues existing in the Greek Army. Furthermore, and this has always been a controversial point, Prince Andrew expresses the opinion that the attempted capture of Angora with the forces and facilities available was partially if not largely responsible for the ultimate disaster. Finally, by carefully depicting his part in the campaign, His Royal Highness attempts, I think successfully, to prove that no responsibility rests with him for what occurred.

The author writes with very little bitterness; he shows a good deal of military knowledge and his book is undoubtedly a contribution to our information upon the events with which it deals.

H. C. Woods

THE WEST COUNTRY

Rambles in Devon. By J. H. Wade. Methuen.
7s. 6d.

Days on Dartmoor. By C. W. Pinkington-Rogers. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

IT would be surprising if Mr. Wade and Mr. Pinkington-Rogers should prove to be intimate friends, for while Mr. Wade interests himself in all the orders of mankind he encounters, and overflows with information and quotations, Mr. Pinkington-Rogers is "querulous" (as the French lady said of the Airedale dog) with everything that is not as he would have it. In short, while Mr. Wade is the Sentimental Traveller, Mr. Rogers, we fear, must be placed among the Splenetic Travellers. He writes several chapters demolishing the ideas he says other

people have about Dartmoor. Himself a visitor, he seems to object to visitors to Dartmoor unless they do as he does, and his advice to them rather resembles the touring instructions of *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*. He approves of the bus service from Tavistock to Okehampton because he finds it useful to him in getting on to the moor, but he objects to that from Tavistock to Princetown because he wants to walk on that part of the road; we would like to hear the views of the natives on these points. He carries in his pocket statistics of the rainfall in the district, but his ideas on the comparative health of town versus country children are derived from fancy, not figures. It is only when we get right into the book that we realize that it is his intense passion for Dartmoor that makes him jealous of all other things.

'Rambles in Devon' is wider, both in scope and in outlook. In it are scheduled the churches and their contents, the antiquities of the country and of the towns, tales of past inhabitants, and all the interests of the county which gave Elizabeth so many seamen, and thereafter produced Marlborough, Coleridge, Gay and Kingsley, Jewel and "the Judicious Hooker" (author of '*The Compleat Angler*', as the schoolboy said) and the Reverend Jack Russell, of whom there are some good stories. "After preaching at Exeter Cathedral, the Dean rudely said to him, 'I did not think much of your sermon, Mr. Russell.' 'I dare say not,' replied the unabashed preacher, 'But it's generally considered Bishop Barrow's best.'"

Though the text is somewhat overburdened by quotation marks—"Lily" is given for "Lely" on page 26, and "Angiers" for "Angers" on page 110: and the illustrations hardly do justice to the subjects (some of the same plates do duty in both books)—Mr. Wade makes a useful contribution to the voluminous literature introducing Devon to the outside world.

J. S. COLTART

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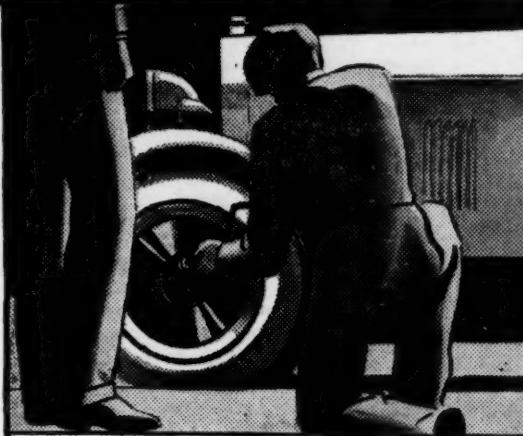
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SHORTER NOTICES

William Pitt. By P. W. Wilson. Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.

THIS is a thoroughly bad book, and that its English publishers do not take an optimistic view of its chances is proved by the fact that they have contented themselves with importing the sheets of the American edition. It is difficult to imagine for what class of reader it is intended, and one would have thought that even in the Middle West they would have known that in the eighteenth century there were neither telephones nor trains, though the author has considered it necessary to devote several pages to an elaboration of the fact. This is typical of the whole book, which abounds in platitudes and redundancies, while Mr. Wilson's overweening egotism is evident in every paragraph. In short, he has obviously attempted to imitate Mr. Lytton Strachey, and he has failed dismally. A more unsuitable author to write a biography of Pitt it would be difficult to imagine, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Wilson, having perpetrated this present enormity, will now return to those religious studies where, to judge by the failure of his editorship of 'The Greville Diary,' we can only presume he is more at home.

Kent. By S. E. Winbolt. Bell. 6s.

ONE welcomes this latest addition to the publishers' series of pocket guides to English counties. Mr. Winbolt has managed to pack a remarkably large amount of information into a small compass, and the frankly selective method of treatment which he has adopted is well adapted to a description of a county characterized by so great a variety of scenery and architecture. Incidentally, the book would be worth buying and treasuring for the exquisite photographs of Mrs. Winifred Ward, who has here succeeded in the difficult task of surpassing all that she herself has done in landscape and topographical pictures.

Glimpses of the Great. By George Sylvester Viereck. Duckworth. 21s.

"I EXPECTED Schnitzler to lift for me at least the fringe of the veil that surrounds human passion." Thus Mr. Viereck in his endeavour to tap the Austrian dramatist for his message. For once his inimitable technique for catechizing celebrities aroused no response, and though the oracle waxed portentous over philosophy and life "the word 'woman' was hardly mentioned." Thirty-one other great men, however, more or less thawed beneath our interviewer's cosy adulation. The reader who wishes to switch on his favourite modern hero has certainly a varied choice, what with Voronoff, Mussolini, Keyserling, Ramsay MacDonald, Joffre and the ex-Kaiser. It is not unnatural, indeed, that the encounter with Emil Ludwig should be termed "A duel," for this other popularizer of contemporary genius was on his mettle to defend the rôle of journalist on becoming the subject of an interview himself. Bernard Shaw's shrewd concern for control of his publicity is shown in the facsimile "proof" of the interview corrected in his own writing. His advice to eliminate the erotic element in Mr. Viereck's novel is followed appropriately enough by Freud's reply. Here, too, the tables are turned upon the interlocutor with a pointed enquiry into the motives that prompt all this lion hunting. The success of the visit is, however, attested by the fact that out of it the Viennese psycho-analyst does emerge in his true colours, denouncing that flabby tolerance of evil—"Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner"—which this apt specimen of the man-in-the-street at first attributes to him. Truly the Fleet Street

legend of Freud as apologist, so to speak, for "gay nights at Maxim's" dies hard.

It has been elsewhere remarked that an almost unconscious genius seems to underlie J.-J. Rousseau's self-revelations. So, on a rather different plane when it comes to "drawing out" other people Mr. Viereck's inexhaustible fund of conciliatory patter, fulsome though it may sound to us, does at least excite some of his victims to controvert it with their most characteristic utterances. Quite undaunted, he proceeds to serve all this up with a virtuosity of stage management that soars to a very apotheosis of interviewing.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

(H.M.V.)

- D.B. 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408. Violin Concerto in D Major, Op. 35 (Tchaikowsky). Mischa Elman and London Symphony Orchestra.
- D. 1843. Prelude, Fugue and Variation (Cesar Franck). Marcel Dupré, organ.
- C. 1923, 1924, 1925. Sonata No. 3 in D Minor (Dykes); In four movements. Isolde Menges and Harold Samuel, violin and piano.
- B. 3491. 'Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand' (Dykes); 'Abide With Me' (Monk). Choral: Choir of St. Margaret's, Westminster.
- B. 3492. 'To Be or Not To Be.' 'Hamlet' (Shakespeare); 'O, That This Not Too Solid Flesh.' 'Hamlet' (Shakespeare). Henry Ainley, talking in English.
- B. 3493. 'How All Occasions.' 'Hamlet' (Shakespeare); 'Look Here Upon This.' 'Hamlet' (Shakespeare). Henry Ainley, talking in English.

And an address by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle recorded two months before his death.

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6 September 1930

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 441

First of our 33rd Quarter

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, September 11)

THE RUGGED ROCKIES NURSE THIS SAVAGE BEAST;
THE SPINY PLANT GROWS FREELY IN THE EAST.

1. Heart of a handsome bird by keepers hated.
2. Renews an interest perhaps abated.
3. Clip at each end a cake that few refuse.
4. This in the heavens imagination views.
5. Take more than half of one who read the stars.
6. Holds humble rank among the sons of Mars.
7. Now twice decapitate an epic choice.
8. By Philomel alone excelled in voice.
9. No longer fills men's minds with dire dismay.
10. White, yellow, crimson, are its blossoms gay.
11. In search of booty he the seas would sail,
Lulled by the storm and glorying in the gale.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 439.

Twelfth of our 32nd Quarter

SEASIDE RESORTS IN DEVON AND IN GAUL,
ONE WIDELY KNOWN, THE OTHER SCARCE AT ALL;
THIS FRONTS THE NORTH, THE REALM OF BOREAS COLD,
THAT OTHER, AFRIC AND THE ISLES OF GOLD.

1. In just such elms the bard heard pigeons coo;
2. And this he was for years nigh forty-two.
3. No owl, in truth, I spin, but never screech.
4. "Wheel-animalcules" in our native speech.
5. Heart of a stream by broader Tamar swallowed.
6. Swift through the air their winged prey is followed.
7. "Man of the woods" in tongue of "swart Malay."
8. Ripe for the tomb: the dog has had his day.
9. Big fish: stripe-bellied one kind, plain another.
10. Robbed of his rights by his unhandsome brother.

Solution of Acrostic No. 439

I mmemoria L¹ "The moan of doves in immemorial
L aureat E² elms." Tennyson: *The Princess*, VII.
F ern-ow L³ Tennyson was Poet Laureate from Novem-
R otifer A ber, 1850, till his death in October, 1892.
TA Vy A Meredith's "brown evejar." The Night-
C heiropter A⁴ jar, a bird nearer to the Swallows than the
O rang-uta N Owls; also preposterously called Goatsucker
M oribun D (*Caprimulgus*).
B oni O⁵ * The Bats.
E sa U⁶ Several fishes of the Mackerel family
share this name: the Stripe-bellied Tunny of
the tropics; the Mediterranean Bonito; and
the Plain Bonito.

* We are told that "Jacob was a plain man" (Gen. xxv. 27), and the proverb instructs us that "handsome is as handsome does."

ACROSTIC NO. 439.—The winner is "Sisyphus," Mr. Andrew Ken, 28 Bishopsgate, E.C., who has selected as his prize "An African Savage's Own Story," by Lobogola, published by Knopf and reviewed by us on August 23 under the title "A Black Man Talks." Four other solvers chose this book, twenty-five named "Angel Pavement," thirteen "Law Breakers," etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Ali, Armadae, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Clam, Dhault, Estela, Farson, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Glannis, T. Hartland, Iago, Met, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, F. M. Petty, Polamar, Rabbits, St. Ives, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., A. S. G., Buns, Carlton, Gay, Madge, Lady Mottram, Peter.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. R. Alvarez, Barberry, E. Barrett, Bolo, Miss Carter, Sir Reginald Egerton, Stucco. All others more. Light 6 baffled 18 solvers; Light 3, 12; Lights 4 and 8, 7; Light 2, 4; Light 9, 3; Light 7, 2; Light 1, 1.

ACROSTIC NO. 438.—One light wrong: Tyro. Two wrong:

Cyril E. Ford.
BOSKERRIS.—Thanks for quotation. As Meredith's "Love in the Valley" appears to be unknown to many solvers, I will print the lines in question: "Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried, Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar."

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The Hon. Mr. Justice McCordie.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

DESPITE the fact that the volume of business on the Stock Exchange has shown no very great sign of expansion, the general tendency during the last ten days has been far more satisfactory than for a long time past. Reference was made in these notes last week to the change that had materialized almost overnight. It is particularly interesting to note that there was no definite reason to account for this which was brought out by a combination of circumstances, which normally could not have been expected to have created so sudden a change. The predominating factor unquestionably was the cessation of forced liquidation, possibly caused by certain banking houses taking a more generous view on the question of calling in stock loans. Another factor was the uneasiness caused to Bears by various vague rumours as to an improvement in the home political position. Selling suddenly ceased, and the Bears scrambling to repurchase on a market where the floating supply of stock had been reduced to a minimum led to so marked a change in the position that those who had been waiting the right moment to buy were prompted to come into the market and so help the upward movement. It is not suggested that this improvement is necessarily a permanent one, but the sudden change has served an extremely useful purpose, in that it has shown how ready markets are to respond to any favourable developments, and, by re-creating confidence in the possibility of prices appreciating, the unadulterated pessimism, which has been so much in evidence for so long a period, is likely to give place to mild optimism, without which share values cannot be expected to appreciate. In considering the outlook for markets, one must remember that the home political position is still uncertain, that world depression still continues, that commodity values are still depressed, and that trade in this country so far shows no very tangible sign of improvement. Against these factors one can set the opinion that in a large number of cases share values do not adequately represent the value of the companies concerned, and, while markets may display a certain amount of uncertainty for a time, it would appear reasonably probable that the next pronounced movement will be a general improvement. The pendulum cannot always swing one way.

LEYLANDS

The reference made in these notes a fortnight ago to the ordinary shares of Leyland Motors Limited certainly proved opportune, inasmuch as these shares have registered a comfortable rise since that date. Despite this fact, it would appear that Leylands are well worth locking away at the present level. It will be remembered that the company has now paid all its arrears of dividends on its second preference shares, with the result that for the year ended September 30 next the ordinary shares should again be in receipt of a dividend. For last year the earnings were equivalent to 70 per cent. on the ordinary share capital, and, as it is believed that the company has enjoyed considerable prosperity during its financial year shortly ending, it is suggested that the forthcoming balance sheet will show earnings which will make these ordinary shares appear under-

valued at the present level. Admittedly, in view of their past experience, the directors are likely to adopt a conservative dividend distribution policy and allocate a substantial portion of their profits to building up a reserve, but valued on earnings Leylands should appear attractive at the present level, and for this reason attention is again drawn to them.

CABLES AND WIRELESS

Although there has been some improvement in the price of the 5½ per cent. cumulative preference stock of Cables and Wireless, Limited, it still appears to be standing at an attractive level. This company is likely to reflect any improvement in international trade conditions more quickly than anything else, while, in view of the substantial holdings in gilt-edged securities of the various cable companies, any further serious set-back appears improbable. Admittedly, at the present stage there is an element of speculative risk in purchasing this preference stock, but, in view of the attractive level at which it is standing, it is felt that this risk need not be over-emphasized.

ALLIED STORES

Ever since the terms of the merger of the various grocery businesses into the new Allied Stores, Limited, have been issued, the shares of the companies concerned have been persistently marked down in price. The reason for this is partly the distrust of the British investor for rationalized companies as a result of the experiences of the last eighteen months, and partly owing to the disinclination of the public to place too many eggs in one basket, with the result that investors who hold shares in two or three of the different companies concerned, rather than hold two or three times the number of shares in the one new company, have reduced their holding by selling on an unwilling market and so causing the shares to fall to unjustifiably low levels. At present prices such shares as International Tea Stores, Home and Colonial and Maypoles certainly appear well worth locking away for future appreciation.

UNILEVER

Although, in common with other leading industrials, Unilevers have recovered in price during the last ten days, these shares are still standing at what is believed to be an attractively low level. It will be remembered that last May a further 2,000,000 ordinary shares were issued at £3 per share, and next week a call of 15s. per share has to be met, which probably accounts for the fact that the improvement in Unilevers has not been more marked. At the present level, both the new and the old shares appear to possess attractive possibilities for future capital appreciation if locked away for the next twelve months or so.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the meetings of the following companies: Waring and Gillow and Columbia Graphophone Company.

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Company Meetings

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

INCREASED PROFIT IN A DIFFICULT YEAR

SUCCESSFUL DEVELOPMENTS

LORD MARKS'S REVIEW

The Annual General Meeting of the Columbia Graphophone Co. Ltd., was held on Thursday last at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Marks (the chairman) said in the course of his speech: The accounts before you cover the period July, 1929, to June, 1930, a period of almost unprecedented difficulty and depression in the world trade and it is obvious that your company's business, in common with others, has been affected by the almost universal slump that has taken place since we last met.

In the United States of America in particular, the effects of the recent upheavals have been most severely felt and in some of the other parts of the world where your business was fully developed, trade conditions have been bad.

In Great Britain itself our sales and profits were actually greater this last year while new fields of development have provided us with additional revenue, so that we are able, as you will see, to report a profit of £590,158 as compared with £505,120 a year ago. It is true, of course, that a considerable amount of fresh money was raised during the period, but it has not been found possible yet to employ more than a portion of the amount raised, although developments are taking place steadily and as fast as is considered prudent. In France a new factory is in course of completion to cope with our steadily increasing business in that country. A factory is also in course of construction in Greece, while the reorganization of the Japanese factory has already been responsible for increased earnings in that country.

THE SUBSIDIARIES

The balance sheet before you is framed for the first time under the provisions of the Companies Act, 1929. A statement in the terms prescribed by Section 126 of that Act, therefore, appears at the end of the balance sheet. From this statement you will see that the profits of the subsidiary companies are included in these accounts to the extent only of dividends actually declared by these subsidiary companies. One of the benefits of your company is that it is very far from having all its eggs in one basket. We can suffer loss in one part of the world, or even in more parts of the world than one, and still deliver a satisfactory complement of eggs.

The widespread nature of our operations encourages us to hope that, while we do not at present see any sign of a revival in the general world trade conditions and while the universal depression must obviously affect the spending power of our customers and so react unfavourably on our operations, nevertheless, the developments taking place in various newer fields should assist us in tiding over the difficult conditions of the present and lay a sure foundation for further expansion in the future.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS

To meet the decreased spending power for which we have to cater in many parts of the world, we have developed a new Columbia Portable instrument, which in this country retails at 57s. 6d. and which is sold at corresponding prices in foreign countries, taking into consideration freight and tariff. Although it was only placed on the market a few months ago we have already sold and delivered many tens of thousands. The Columbia standard of quality is maintained in every respect and on account of our experience and technical and engineering resource our percentage of profits on the model has been maintained.

Last autumn we announced our first two radio models. These have met with the success we anticipated. In fact, the leading technical journals have pronounced our 5-valve model as superior to anything on the market of similar type. Radio being a new development we have gone ahead cautiously. We are, however, satisfied with the progress made and in the coming season our radio line will be very much extended.

With the large development we have made in our research department, we were able to place on the market at the beginning of this year a line of combination gramophone and radio receiver, which model is now recognized as at least equal to anything on the market, if not superior. Here again, this being a new development, we have proceeded very cautiously, but I am happy to tell you that so far our sales have exceeded our manufacturing capacity.

As a result of experience obtained we are now placing on the market further models at various prices, and we are confident that our sales of these new models will be of satisfactory volume.

RUMOURS

Various rumours have been current throughout the year in connection with negotiations alleged to have been going on with various other members of the trade. Shareholders may rest assured that if any negotiations should ever materialize in anything of concrete importance and of immediate interest to shareholders they will be notified at the earliest possible opportunity. In the meantime, it is suggested that the various rumours continually afloat should be ignored.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

WARING AND GILLOW

"BUSINESS ABSOLUTELY SOUND"

A CASH SHORTAGE

The Annual General Meeting of Waring and Gillow Ltd. was held on Sept. 1 at the company's premises, 164-182 Oxford Street, W.

Lord Waring (the chairman) said that he alone was responsible for the issue of the letter that was written to the Press on June 4, 1930. It had been written in all sincerity, and the statements it contained had been made by him in absolute good faith. He deeply regretted that, as events had turned out, the statements had proved to be erroneous, and he offered his sincere apologies to the shareholders in connexion therewith.

The profit for the year showed a decrease over last year of £155,527, a decrease attributed to the severe competition for work caused by the general trade depression. Their cash position showed the material reduction of £186,144 as compared with the previous year, and, in addition, there appeared loans from bankers of £119,340, advances made to assist them in carrying out certain contracts and for meeting the expansion of the company's business. Those loans were of a fluctuating and temporary nature. A further cause of financial stringency had been the fact that, although the business of the company had largely expanded during the last few years, the capital had not been increased.

VALUATION OF THE PROPERTY

In accordance with the requirements of the new Companies Act, the debtors had been dissected to show separately the trade debtors, which amounted to £710,679, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful items, apart from the debt due by the purchasers of a leasehold property who had not yet completed their payment. The balance still due in respect of that sale amounted to £172,585, which was secured by a second mortgage on the property. The property had been valued by an eminent firm of valuers at considerably more than sufficient to liquidate the balance outstanding in respect of it, but owing to the fact that the purchasers had not yet finally completed the full payment for the purchase, the directors had decided that it would be prudent to set aside the whole amount of the balance due as a reserve. The purchasers were now negotiating for the resale of the property, and on the completion of that the balance reserve of £172,585 would then be available to be brought into the profit and loss account.

As to the accounts owing by himself, the balance of £34,999 due under mortgage on a property in the occupation of the company was only a debt in the sense that he had made himself personally responsible for the completion of the purchase of a property, and had given the company the right to take over at that figure. The property was, in fact, valued at a considerably larger amount, and was essential for the purpose of the company's business. In the normal course of events it would, in his opinion, have been advantageous for the company to have taken over the property, but, in view of its present financial requirements, he was now arranging for the mortgage to be taken over by an outside source, thus releasing to the company the £34,999. His own indebtedness on loan account mainly arose because he had become entitled over a period to substantial sums by way of commission under his service agreement. He, however, had decided, as being in the best interests of the company, to waive that commission, and had therefore found himself debited with money he had drawn on account which had now to be regarded as a loan. He had given personal guarantees for large sums on behalf of the company, and had himself contracted liabilities on other property transactions which he intended to realize to enable him to repay his indebtedness to the company.

THE CASH POSITION

The balance of the profit and loss account had been depleted by the reserve for mortgage debt £172,585, already referred to and, in view of the shortage of working capital, the directors had decided they could not recommend the payment of any dividend on the ordinary shares, and for the same reason had deferred payment of the interim dividend, which was cumulative, on the preference shares. It was at that point that the directors had decided to enlist the help of Lord Brentford and Sir Harry Peat, who had been asked to advise the board on the financial and administrative control of their affairs. Those gentlemen had at once advised that the cash position of the company should be strengthened, and to that end had commenced negotiations with leading bankers to obtain the necessary financial assistance. He was sure that shareholders would welcome their assistance and feel assured that once they had completed their task the affairs of the company would proceed upon a sound commercial and financial footing. In consequence there need be no apprehension in the minds of the creditors that their accounts would not be properly dealt with, while the shareholders would appreciate that the resultant improvement in the profit-earning capacity of the business should enable the payment of dividends to be resumed at the earliest possible moment. With the exception of a shortage of immediate liquid finance, the business of the company was absolutely sound.

After the chairman and Viscount Brentford had replied to questions the report and accounts were adopted.

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